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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

An Introduction to Entomology; or, Elements of the Natural History of Insects: with Plates. By W. Kirby, M.A., F.R. and L.S., &c., and William Spence, Esq., F.L.S. 8vo. Vols. 3 and 4. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

THE bare title of this work is a sufficient recommendation to it. The labours of its authors, in the two preceding volumes, have caused their names to be known and respected, not only in every part of Britain, but wheresoever the philosophy of nature is cultivated throughout the civilised world. The impatience with which the conclusion of their arduous task has so generally been looked for, also shews the high value attached to their Entomology; and we need only farther say, that it is now concluded as it was begun; or, indeed, that the last two volumes are, if possible, superior in scientific intelligence and popular details of the curious habits, &c. of insects, to those already so much admired for their excellence in both these respects. We observe with regret that the publication has been retarded by the ill health of one of its contributors, Mr. Spence, whose theory on *instinct*, in the last volume, is extremely interesting.

Of a work so replete with information, and which divides itself into so many heads, it is not easy, within any moderate limits, to give an adequate idea; but we will dip into such of the Letters as are most likely to afford gratification to our readers, by developing the most extraordinary facts connected with the history of these classes of the animal creation, and at the same time exhibit the style and manner in which the subject has been treated. After a definition of the term *insect*, the third volume proceeds to describe the several states in which the various tribes are found,—the egg, larva, pupa, and imago: it then enters upon their external anatomy, defines the terms employed, and dissects, with great distinctness, the head, the trunk, and the abdomen, with their several parts and organs. The last volume takes up their internal anatomy, and is particularly curious on the subjects of insect respiration, circulation, digestion, secretion, reproduction, motion, diseases, and senses. In conclusion, their whole system is discussed; and there is an entomological history, a geographical distribution, and an appendix of much practical importance. We shall, for the present, illustrate these contents by selecting a few extracts from the fourth volume.

The *secretions* of insects are not a little remarkable. "In general, the organs are membranous vessels that float in the blood or nutritive fluid, and secrete from it a peculiar substance. They may be denominated according to their products—*silk-secretors*, *saliva-secretors*, *varnish-secretor*, *jelly* or *gluten-secretor*, *poison-secretor*, and *scent-secretors*.

"*Silk-secretors* (*Serictteria*). These organs are most remarkable in the caterpillars of the *nocturnal Lepidoptera* or moths, especially in that tribe called *Bombyces*, to which the silk-worm belongs: but this faculty is not confined to these insects, but is shared by many other *larvæ* in different orders; and in one instance, at least, by the *imago*. In general, the outlet of the silk-secretors is at the *mouth*; sometimes, however, as in the larva of *Myrmeleon* and the imago of *Hydrophilus*, its exit is at the *anus*. The first is the organ which in the silk-worm provides for us that beautiful substance from which the animal takes its name. There are always *two* of these vessels, which are long floating tubes, growing slender towards the head of the insect, where they unite to form the spinneret (*fusulus*), which renders the silk. Their lower extremity also is commonly more slender than the middle, and is closed at the end. These organs are usually very much convoluted and twisted. According to Ramdohr, they consist of two transparent membranes, between which is found a yellow or transparent jelly. The greater the quantity of silk employed by the caterpillar in the construction of its cocoon, &c., the longer are the silk-secretors. Those of the silk-worm are a *foot* long, while those of the larva of the goat-moth are little more than *three inches*.

"Other insects spin silk with the *posterior* extremity of their body. In the great water-beetle (*Hydrophilus piceus*) the anus is furnished with two spinnerets, with which it spins its egg-pouch; these are in connexion, probably, with the five long and large vessels containing a green fluid, described by Cuvier, which surround the base of each branch of the ovaries. The larva of *Myrmeleon*, which also spins a cocoon with its anus, differs remarkably in this respect from other insects, since its reservoir for the matter of silk is the *rectum*; this is connected with a horny tube, which the animal can protrude, and thus agglutinate the silk and grains of sand that compose its cocoon.

"The *web* of spiders is also a kind of *silk*, remarkable for its lightness and extreme tenuity. It is spun from four anal spinnerets, which never vary in number: two longer organs peculiar to some species have been mistaken for additional ones, but Treviranus affirms that they are merely a kind of anal *feeler*. Their structure, as far as known, has been before described. The web is secreted in vessels varying in form. In some (*Clubiona atrox*) they consist of two larger and two smaller ones, at the base of which lie many still more minute. The four larger vessels are wide in the middle, branching at top, and below terminating in a narrow canal leading to the spinnerets. Treviranus thinks the fluid contained in the lower minute vessels different from that furnished by the larger ones—but for what purpose it is employed has not been ascertained."

The other secretors are described with similar care; for example—

The "*scent-secretors* (*Osmateria*). Amongst other means with which insects are gifted for the annoyance of their foes and pursuers, are the powerful *scents* which many of them emit when alarmed and in danger. Concerning the *internal* organs by which these effluvia are *secreted* we possess but little information, but more notice has been taken of the *external* ones by which they are *emitted*. We may conclude in general, that the secretory organs are membranous sacs or vesicles, perhaps terminating in longer or shorter blind filiform vessels, sometimes secreting a fetid fluid, and at others a fetid gaseous effluvium. The *Iulidæ*, at least *Iulus* and *Porcellio*, cover themselves, when alarmed, with a *fluid* of this kind, or emit one, for this faculty is not peculiar to the species noticed by Savi. I observed early in the year, when I handled *Iulus terrestris*, that it was covered with a slimy secretion, of a powerful scent, which stained my fingers of an orange colour. The spiraculiform pores that mark the sides of the animal are the outlets by which this fluid is emitted, and not spiracles, as has been supposed: each of these orifices, as we learn from Savi, terminates internally in a black vesicle, which is the reservoir of the fluid. The most remarkable insect for its powers of annoyance in this way, is one on that account called the *bombardier* (*Brachinus crepitans*), which can fire numerous volleys of stinking vapour at its assailants before its ammunition is exhausted.

"The tail of this little beetle may be regarded as a battery mounted with two pieces of cannon, which our alert bombardier fires alternately without intermission till all his ammunition is expended. The *Carabi* L. in general have a pair of these anal scent-secretors, which discharge an acrid and caustic fluid, and sometimes a volatile one. The external organ of the scent-secretors in *Gyrinus* consists of two minute hairy cylindrical retractile tubes, of a red colour. Numerous insects of other tribes and genera emit *scents* from their anus, and from various other parts of the body. * * *

"The *secretions* themselves may be considered under the following heads:—1. *Silk*, 2. *saliva*, 3. *varnish* or *gum*, 4. *jelly*, 5. *oils*, 6. *milk*, 7. *honey*, 8. *wax*, 9. *poisons* and *acids*, 10. *odorous fluids* and *vapours*, and 11. *luminous matter*.

"1. *Silk*. This valuable product of insects, while in the silk-secretor, assumes in the *Lepidoptera* the appearance of a viscid gum, but the moment it is exposed to the air it hardens into a silken thread. It is remarkable for the following qualities:—it dries the instant it comes in contact with the air; it is then insoluble not only in water but in the most active solvents, and even *heat* has no effect upon it to melt or soften it: indeed, without these qualities it would be of no use to us. As soon as it leaves the spinneret it becomes the thread we call silk, which being drawn through *two* orifices is necessarily *double* through its whole length. This thread varies considerably in colour and texture, and sometimes resembles cotton or wool rather than silk. In spiders it is of a much softer and more tender texture than that of other spinning insects; and Mr. Murray seems to have

proved that it is imbued, in the case of the gossamer, with negative electricity: in the *Sericterium* the fluid that produces it is sometimes white or grey, and at others yellow.* A remarkable gnat (*Ceroplatus tipuloides*), living on an agaric, carpets its station of repose and its paths with something between silk and varnish, which it spins, not in a *thread*, but in a *broad* riband."

We pass on to (5.) *Oils*. "Oily substances are sometimes produced by insects. The common oil-beetle (*Meloe proscarabæus*) when touched sends forth a drop of this kind of fluid, of an orange colour, from each joint of its legs: something similar I have observed in *Coccinella bipunctata*. Ray mentions a locust taken in Spain which emits a yellow oleaginous fluid from between the claws of its fore legs; but the precise nature of these substances has not been ascertained, nor whether they are secreted by peculiar organs. * * *

"7. *Honey*. It is certain that honey is not an *animal* secretion; yet the saccharine matter collected from the nectaries of flowers, from which it is derived, seems to undergo some *alteration* in the stomach; for the consistence of honey is greater than that of any vegetable nectar, and its taste does not vary greatly, while that of the nectar in different plants is probably not the same. Reaumur also has observed, that each honey-cell in a bee-hive is always covered by a cream-like layer of a thicker consistence than the rest, which apparently serves to prevent the more liquid honey, which from time to time is introduced under it, from running out. Now if honey were the unaltered nectar of plants, it is difficult to conceive how this cream could be collected in proper proportions. The last-mentioned naturalist likewise ascertained, that if bees, in a season in which the fields afford a scarcity of food, be supplied with *sugar*, they will from this substance fill their cells with *honey*, which differs in no respect from the common sort, except that its flavour is a little heightened: a similar argument may be deduced from the circumstance of the bees imbibing the juices of *fruits* of various kinds, as they are well known to do. It seems therefore evident that the honey collected by bees undergoes some modification in their honey-stomach before it is regurgitated into the cells, and therefore may be regarded in some degree as a peculiar secretion.

"Huber says that he has ascertained, by a great number of observations, that electricity is singularly favourable to the secretion of the substance of which honey is formed by flowers; the bees never collect it in greater abundance, nor is the formation of wax ever more active, than when the wind is in the south, the air humid and warm, and a storm gathering.

"8. *Wax* generally transpires through the pores of the skin of those insects that produce it, either partially or generally, and it is secreted from honey or other saccharine substances taken into the stomach. In the hive-bee it is produced *partially*, but in many other insects it is a *general* transudation of the body.

"Probably the white powder or threads that appear to transpire through the skin of many other insects is of a waxy nature. In the larva of a beetle described by Reaumur, the flocoons are so arranged as to give the animal some resemblance to a hedgehog, and when rubbed off they are reproduced in twelve hours. Gyllenhal, speaking of *Peltis limbata*, observes, that when alive it is covered with a white powder resembling mould, which if rubbed off returns again as long as the animal lives. * *

"9. Wax seems also to form a constituent part of some insects which are not found to secrete it. The yellow substance deposited in vessels containing *spiders* in alcohol is said to be a true *wax*, and may be obtained from these animals by gently heating them."

On the secretion of *poisons* and *acids*, the account is equally curious.

"The *bite* as well as the *sting* of many insects is followed by inflamed tumours, so that the *sialisteria* of some *bugs*, *Diptera*, *Aptera*, and *spiders*, may be regarded as producing a poisonous fluid; but we know nothing of the real nature of it, nor of that of other venomous insects, except the *ant*—whose celebrated *acid* may be considered under the present head—the *bee*, the *wasp*, and the *scorpion*.

"Contrary to the once received doctrine that no *acid* was to be found in any animal, except as the effect of disease in the alimentary canal, many insects secrete peculiar and powerful ones. I have, on a former occasion, related an instance in which an acid of this description, secreted in its *sialisteria*, is employed by a moth to soften its cocoon; and Lister mentions a species of *Iulus*, which produced one resembling that of ants; but this last is the most powerful of all. The fact that blue flowers, when thrown into an ant-hill, become tinged with red, has been long known; but Mr. Fisher, of Sheffield, about 1670, seems to have been the first who ascertained that this effect is caused by an *acid* with which ants abound, and which may be obtained from them by distillation, or infusion in water. Margraff and other chemists confirmed this discovery, and concluding that this acid was of a peculiar kind, they gave it the name of the *formic acid*. This name, however, is now exploded; the subsequent experiments of Deyeux, Fourcroy, and Vanquelin, having ascertained that the acid of ants is not of a distinct kind, but a mixture of the *acetic* and *malic*. These acids are in such considerable quantities, and so concentrated in these animals, that when a number of *Formica rufa* are bruised in a mortar, the vapour is so sharp that it is scarcely possible to endure it at a short distance. It also transpires from them, for they leave traces of it on the bodies which they traverse; and hence, according to the experiments of Mr. Coleridge, the vulgar notion that ants cannot pass over a line of chalk, is correct; the effervescence produced by the contact of the acid and alkaline being so considerable, as in some degree to burn their legs. The circumstance of much of the food of ants being of a saccharine nature, may account for this copious secretion of acid, the use of which is, probably, to defend themselves and their habitations from the attack and intrusion of their enemies: if a frog be put into a nest of *Formica rufa* that has been deranged, it will be suffocated in five minutes. That which they *ejaculate* from their *anus* when attacked, must be secreted in an *ioterium*; but their very *blood* seems of an acid nature. It is very probable, as Dr. Thomson has observed, that acids may be obtained from many other insects, and that they are various modifications of the acetic. * * *

"The *poison* of *bees* and *wasps*, as to its chemical qualities, is a transparent fluid, at first sweet to the taste, but immediately afterwards hot and acrid, like the milky juice of the *spurge*; soluble in water, but not in alcohol; and separable from the former in the state of white powder, when the latter is added, giving a light *red* tinge to paper stained with vegetable blue; and when dry and chewed, appearing tenacious, gummy, and elastic. This last property, as well as solubility in water, and not in alcohol, is common also to the poison of the *viper*, which, however, differs in being tasteless, and not affecting vegetable blues. From hence Fontana concludes that this fluid is united with an *acid*, but in a very small proportion, and not with an *alkali*. The venom of bees is extremely active; a grain in weight, it is conjectured, would kill a pigeon in a few seconds. It is remarkable, however, that while in some constitutions the sting of a single bee or wasp is sufficient sometimes to induce alarming symptoms, in others, numerous punctures will produce little or no pain or inflammation. That this fluid, and not the puncture of the sting, is the sole cause of the inflammation that usually follows the wound inflicted by one of these animals, is proved by the facts, that if it be introduced into one made by a needle, the same effect ensues; and that when the whole contents of the poison-bag have been exhausted by the insect's stinging three or four times in succession, its weapon then becomes harmless.

"The venom of *scorpions*, though much more potent, probably resembles that of bees."

By these extracts we have but poorly illustrated a single chapter of this work, so full is it (as we have mentioned) of intelligence, and so delightfully does it combine the instructions of science with what may be deemed pleasant reading. We can hardly say more in its favour; yet we ought to add, that it occasionally lifts up a moral voice, at once honourable to its authors, and appropriate to that study which teaches man to "look through Nature up to Nature's God."

* "Treviran. *Arachnid.* 41. In Paraguay a spider is found, which makes spherical cocoons of yellow silk, which are spun because of the permanence of the colour. This operation occasions a flow of water from the eyes and nose of the spinners." Azara *Voyag.* 212. See also Murray in *Werner. Trans.* 1823. 9—9

Epistles to a Friend in Town; Golconda's Fête, &c. By Chandos Leigh. 12mo. pp. 259. London, 1826. Colburn.

THERE is a species of poetry which may be called reflective, in contradistinction to the titles of moral, metaphysical, romantic, &c. given by those who would fain reduce poetry to system, and class its varieties after the fashion of birds, beasts, and fishes; assigning to each its place, without considering how often poetry is written with neither why nor wherefore, object nor aim; written as we shed tears, from the necessity of relieving the heart of its overpowering thoughts. However, we are unwilling to be behind the rest of the world, and we stake our critical acumen on the appropriateness of the term *reflective* poetry to the volume now before us. Written apparently in that quiet retirement which has been the theme of every poet since Horace wrote of his "Blandusian fountain," and his "pine-sheltered villa," and Virgil gave so eloquent a picture of country happiness, down to Swift's

> "I have often wish'd that I had clear,
> For life, five hundred pounds a year," &c.

These poems seem imbued with the calm, meditative spirit which blends love of nature and of learned love in a naturally fine and elegant mind; touched too with a keen perception of the ridiculous, and disgust of the contemptible, and a knowledge of life's busier scenes—now full of matter for serious thought. We quote the exemplary lines, both for their merit, and as indicating the writer's turn:—

> "This day, that shone most glorious from its birth,
> Is like a glimpse of heaven as caught from earth.
> Here oft in silence have we loved to gaze
> On sylvan wonders, far above our praise.
> Our thoughts are fresh, as is the early dew,
> In our life's morn; oh! were they always new,
> Earth would be Paradise; but soon they lose
> Their freshness, and grow stale by frequent use.

Those varied fancies, that when we are young
Please us, remain through want of art unsung;
When art might teach us duly to express
Their charms, alas! we feel and know them less.
The noblest landscape that e'er bless'd the sight,
Day after day beheld, scarce gives delight.
That which we now mis-name a trifling toy,
Once kindled in our hearts a flame of joy!
As the sky's brilliant hues at close of day
Melt down into an undistinguish'd gray;
Thus the changed mind (its lively colours past)
Wears the dull livery of the world at last.
* * * * * *
Yet better this, than an o'eracted zeal
For rural beauties which you do not feel.
Urbanus is in raptures when he sees,
Since rudeness is a crime, his patron's trees;
Urbanus deems not what he sees divine,
But 'tis polite to shout at times, 'How fine!'
This feign'd enthusiast with his words may cheat
The vain oppressor of a country seat;
But has Urbanus view'd the clouds that flush
Around a summer's sky, the morning's blush:
And felt, when quite alone, the deep, deep sense
Of beauty inexpress'd, not less intense,
When all sensations of delight are thrown
Into a heavenward gratitude alone?
Pleasures like these are passionless, and give
A lesson to us for what ends we live.
They shew the soul's high origin, though worn
By care, and oh! predict that glorious morn,
When life, and light, and love, the trinal beam,
Shall flow upon the good in endless stream.
A lute, a gentle voice, or summer skies,
All in their turn wake kindred sympathies;
Though few, like Sylvius, love to waste their hours
Courting romantic thoughts in tangled bow'rs,
Till, loathing social duties, he misdeems
Himself a spirit in the world of dreams,—
Yet will meek evening to the *coldest* heart
A sober glow of happiness impart;
Sweet promise this of pleasures yet to come,
Shewing that earth is *not* our proper home.
This nature teaches to that being call'd
'Man of the world,' or man by art enthrall'd,
With the thin gloss of fashion smoothing o'er
His real character, like thousands more!
So mild, his manners are to all the same;
Stranger or friend alike attention claim."

We take the following stanzas from the poems written in early youth, as the only specimen of their kind:—

"Doom'd thus to worship thee in vain,
I mourn in sooth my rigid lot;
Yet happier in this secret pain,
Than if thy beauty was forgot.

"The sigh to memory gives a force,
That brings before me all thy charms—
Of grief and joy alike the source,
Of rapture, or of fond alarms.

"The smile,—for often will the smile
Chase the sad shades of thought away,
That darken o'er the brows awhile,
As clouds o'ercast an April day—

"The smile reanimates my heart;
Remembrance gives its welcome aid,—
Then mine, and mine alone, thou art;
But soon the phantom-pleasures fade!

"The smile is fled—the sudden beam
That o'er the past so brightly shone,
Now fades away; the fainter gleam
Of promised happiness is gone.

"O would Futurity unveil
What must be, to my mental eye!
My spirit then might cease to quail,
When hopes and fears for ever die.

"Again to meet thee; then to love
With all the zest surprise can bring;
Again to find my absent dove,
Again to hear my siren sing—

"This will I hope; yet self-deceiving,
Like youngilngs laughing o'er the bowl,
That Pleasure is their friend believing—
Thus hope intoxicates the soul.

"Still is thy dear resemblance mine;
How mild, how eloquent that look!
Those eyes, like twin-stars, seem to shine:
I yet possess thee—though forsook:—

"Forsook by her who loved me more,
As once I thought, than words can tell.
In Spenser's verse we learn'd love's lore,
And thou, dear, wert my Florimel.

"This cheat of fancy long beguiled
Our winter nights, our summer days;
And Spenser's gentle spirit smiled
To hear two lovers hymn his praise.

"And then Cleopolis, on earth
Inimitable, oft we sought;
And oft applauded valour's worth,
As knights with savage giants fought.—

"Enough of this; my care-worn mind
Less happy thoughts must now engage!
Mine own dear love I cannot find;
Can *fabled* loves my grief assuage?"

Having noticed the first edition of Mr. Leigh's Poems, of which this is an enlarged edition, we quote nothing more; but, upon the above grounds, recommend the volume to those who can enter into the poet's love of nature's loveliness, and his grave and severe philosophy. There is in it enough both for interest and meditation.

The Dutch Salmagundi of M. Paul Van Hemert. Translated by Lewis Jackson, Author of an Introduction to French Poetry, &c. Post 8vo. pp. 114. London, 1826. Effingham Wilson, and G. Symmons.

A RATHER trifling preface introduces us to this agreeable *mélange*, which reflects credit upon the polite literature of Holland, and is well rendered by the translator. It appears to be a selection from the Lectuur by het ontbyt en de thetafel—Reading for the breakfast and tea-table; and very pleasant reading it is. The mixture of grave and gay is apportioned with good sense and sound discretion. We extract, from about thirty subjects, the following as specimens:—

"*The Stepmother. A Chinese Tale.*

"In the reign of Sweng-Vang, the guards of a castle found a man lying in a field, who appeared but recently to have been murdered. At a little distance they found two brothers, whom they took into custody, as the probable murderers. As, however, the deceased had but one wound, which consequently gave cause to surmise but *one* perpetrator, the question arose, which of the two had done the deed? Neither of the brothers would accuse the other, each of them declaring that he, and not his brother, was the assassin. The case was brought before the king.

"'To grant life to both,' said the king, 'would be to shew mercy to one murderer; to have both executed, where only one can be guilty, would be cruel, and against the law. Well, then! let the mother of those men be called, and let her opinion decide their fate; for she will know her children best.'

"So said, so done. The mother was informed of the king's command. 'If,' said the poor woman, bursting into a flood of tears, 'if I am then compelled to choose—let the eldest live!'

"The king expressed his great surprise, that the mother should have chosen the younger, for the younger children are generally cherished the most by mothers. 'Yes,' said she, 'he whose life I now save, is not the offspring of my own body, but a son of my late husband by his first marriage. I have solemnly promised his father, always to treat him as my own child, and until now I have always kept my word. I should now break that promise, were I, from maternal tenderness, to save the life of my youngest son, to the detriment of the elder. I feel what this sacrifice costs my heart'——Cries and sobs here choked her utterance.—The king pardoned them both.

"*The Syrian Woman.*

"King Louis IX., during his unfortunate crusade, while remaining at Acre in Syria, sent an embassy to the Sultan of Damascus. Brother Yves, a Jacobin monk, was at the head of it, and related, on his return, (according to Joinville's report) wonderful things respecting his journey, of which the following is one.

"In a desert, says he, I met an old woman of small stature. In one hand she held a pitcher full of water, in the other a chafing-dish with red-hot coals. Quick as lightning she hastened past me. I turned quickly round and called to her, 'Woman! what are you going to do with those coals and that water?' 'What am I going to do,' said she, 'with the coals? I intend to set fire to Paradise, and with the water to extinguish the flames of hell!' 'But why so bold a deed?' cried I. 'In order,' replied she, 'that man may no longer do good for the sake of reward alone, nor refrain from evil for fear of punishment.'

"*Rats in the Statue.*

"'What is most to be dreaded in a state?' demanded Hoan Kong of his minister Koang Tschong. 'Prince,' replied he, 'according to my idea, nothing is more to be dreaded than that which is called 'Rats in the Statue.'' Hoan Kong did not understand this metaphor, and Koang Tschong explained it to him in the following manner:—'You know, prince, that in many places, statues are erected in honour of the tutelar saint of the place; these wooden images are hollow within, and painted without. Now, by some chance or other, a rat had penetrated into such a statue, and nothing could be thought of or devised to drive it thence. To set fire to it, they did not dare, fearful that the wood would catch; neither did they dare to place the image in water, lest the colours might thereby be effaced. Thus the rat remained protected, through the respect they had for the image.'

"'And who are those rats in the state?' asked Hoan Kong. 'They are,' said he, 'people who possess neither virtue nor merit, and yet share the favours of their prince; these are the 'Rats in the Statue.''"

Another Chinese Tale.

"Kin-Tsong, king of Tsi, had a beautiful horse, which was a particular favourite of his. Through some neglect of the groom, the horse died; on which account the king became so enraged, that he took up a lance and was going to run him through with it. Fortunately Iyan Tse was present at the moment, and addressed the king as follows:—'Prince! there was but little wanting, and this man would have died without knowing the magnitude of his crime.' 'Well,' said the king, 'convince him first.'

"Iyan took the lance, and turning towards the criminal, said—'Child of misfortune! pay attention, while I relate to you the extent of your crime. First, you are the cause of the death of the horse, which the king had intrusted to your care; for this reason you must die. Secondly, you are the cause that his majesty, on account of a horse, has put himself into such a passion, that he was going, with his own hand, to kill you. Do you conceive that this new crime is greater than the former?—Thirdly, and lastly, it will now be known throughout the kingdom, and to our neighbours, that our lord the king, on account of a horse, did, with his own hands, kill a fellow-creature, whereby he, without doubt, will lose his good name. See, child of misfortune! this is your greatest crime; and what dreadful consequences result from your neglect. Do you now fully comprehend what you have been doing?' 'Let him go,' cried the king; 'I forgive him!'

"*Infallibility of the Pope.*

"Notwithstanding the literary fame which the Abbot Galiani possessed, he was (as it frequently happens in the literary world) a man of no great fortune. He had long cherished a desire to better his circumstances, which was at last, through the following circumstances, gratified.

"Pope Benedict XIV. had charged him with the examination of some natural curiosities of Mount Vesuvius. This commission the abbot fulfilled to the pope's satisfaction. He sent the

holy father a box full of minerals and stones, which he accompanied by a letter, headed with the known words of the gospel, 'Command that these stones be made bread.' The pope understood the abbot. 'You do well,' (he wrote to him,) 'that you do not doubt my infallibility as the head of the church. It also belongs to me, before all others, to explain the text of holy writ, and I never did so with greater satisfaction than at the present moment.' As a proof that the pope had rightly comprehended the meaning of the abbot, he preferred him to a considerable living."

But, perhaps, the most interesting to our readers will be the literary story with which we conclude.

"*The Doctor against his Will.*

"The comedy of Molière, *le Médecin malgré lui*, is pretty generally known; but it is less known, that this excellent poet has taken the plot of that humorous piece from a history related by a certain German writer, Adam Olearius. This Olearius published, in 1647, his 'Scientific Journey to Moscow and Persia;' which history, being translated into French as early as the year 1656, by the celebrated Wickefort, might have been read by Molière, before the *Médecin malgré lui* was, for the first time, brought upon the stage in 1666.

"The history in question is briefly as follows:—The grand duke Boris Gudenow, who reigned during the years 1597 and 1605, was, according to the relation of Olearius, very much afflicted with the gout. At a certain period, when he suffered very severe pains, he caused it publicly to be proclaimed at Moscow, that he would reward with extraordinary favour and great riches the man, whoever he might be, that would relieve him from those pains.

"It seems that no one voluntarily appeared to earn the favour of the Grand Duke: and, indeed, no wonder, for a doctor had his whole existence at stake in those times, in Russia, if his cure failed upon some high or noble patient; and Gudenow was in the habit of making the surgeon, as if he considered the latter as absolute master of nature, responsible for the result of his art.

"The wife of a certain bojaar, or councillor of the cabinet, who received very harsh treatment from her husband, took the advantage of this public edict of the grand duke, to revenge herself, in a cunning manner, on her cruel husband. She, therefore, had the duke informed that her husband possessed an infallible remedy for the gout, but that he was not sufficiently humane to impart it.

"The bojaar was immediately sent for to court, and strictly examined; the latter declared by all that was holy, that he was unacquainted with any such remedy, and had not the slightest knowledge of medicine. But oaths would not avail him; Gudenow had him severely whipped and confined. When, shortly after, he was again examined, he repeated the same declarations, adding, that this trick was probably played upon him by his wife; the duke had him whipped a second time, but more severely, and threatened him with death, if he did not speedily relieve him from pain. Seized with terror, the bojaar was now entirely at a loss what to be at. He promised to do his best, but requested a few days, in order to have the necessary drugs gathered. Having, with great difficulty, had his request granted, he sent to Ozirbak, two days' journey from Moscow, in order to get thence all sorts of drugs which were to be had there. He sent for a cart-load of them, mixed them all together, and prepared herewith a bath for the duke, in the hope of his blind cure proving successful. Gudenow, after having used the bath, really found some relief, and the bojaar had his life spared him. Nevertheless, because he had known such an art, denied his knowledge of it, and refused his assistance to the grand duke, the latter had him again thoroughly whipped, and after being entirely recovered, he gave him a new dress, two hundred rubles, and eighteen slaves, by way of a present. In addition to this, he seriously admonished the doctor never to be revenged on his wife. It is said that the bojaar, after this occurrence, lived many years in peace and happiness with his spouse."

Among the serious papers, the account of Don Carlos's tragical end, and remarks on missionaries, are well worthy of attention; and, altogether, we have derived more satisfaction from this slight volume than from many of much higher pretensions.

Memoirs of Madame de Genlis. Vols. 7 and 8. Colburn.

THE present volumes of the Memoirs of Madame de Genlis, which conclude the work, are not far different from those we have already presented to the notice of our readers. The period they embrace is limited, as they relate chiefly to the events of the author's life which have occurred within the last three years; and most of the persons who figure in her pages are still alive. Among the friends whose characters and conversation she describes, the most remarkable are M. de Chateaubriand, the well-known writer and statesman; Denon, the famous traveller and connoisseur; Lamartine, the poet; the illustrious naturalist, Lacepede; Fievée, the political writer; the Dutchess of Duras, the author of "*Ourika*" and "*Edouard*;" and the once polar-star of the Parisian *beau-monde*, Madame Recamier. We find fewer strictures upon the changes of manners, the variations of fashion and of literature, and the character of literary men, than in former portions of the work; but those which are given, particularly at the end of the eighth volume, are in her accustomed style of severe and pointed criticism—keen and lively discrimination. In fact, critical sagacity is one of the more prominent qualities of Madame de Genlis' mind; and when not warped by her moral indignation against the philosophical party, or her too easy admiration of the writers of her own sect in politics and religion, her remarks are generally correct, often excellent in thought, and almost always admirable in diction. The following is the conclusion of some strictures on the famous Madame de Stäel:—

"My friend, Madame Juliana, a most worthy and agreeable lady, lent me the posthumous work of Madame de Stäel, entitled '*Ten Years of Exile*,' but I was very little pleased with the perusal. It is both frivolous and pedantic at the same time; it has been said of the author, that when she wrote she changed her sex; but, in this case, it seems to me that there was no change, for she merely caricatured the character. In her political writings she displays an excess of petty vanity, which a man of talent would never have shewn. I cannot possibly conceive the great importance she attaches to the visits she received, the praises that were given her, or the parties she collected at her house; and an exile that merely restrained her from residing in Paris, she calls *an unparalleled and barbarous persecution;* she displays the utmost violence of despair, because she was prevented from receiving freely foreigners and unknown individuals; she considers herself the most unfortunate of women, because she is forced to settle in her own country, to reside there at a fine chateau along with her children, with a husband of her own choice (M. Rocca), and two or three intimate friends; in short, in the enjoyment of a large fortune, which gave her the means of doing so much good upon her estate! It is not easy for those who have been proscribed, fugitives, plundered of every thing, and who have passed in this situation ten or twelve years in foreign countries, to feel much pity in perusing Madame de Stäel's '*Ten Years' Exile.*' She complains in one of her works of *being condemned to celebrity*, and in the present one she is in despair, because she cannot enjoy her *celebrity*. She constantly speaks of her *talent*, of her successes; she quotes a number of repartees, often very witty ones, which she made on various occasions:—she shews in this production, in short, a degree of vanity which a very little reflection would doubtless have induced her to conceal. The work is not well written, for it is full of phrases in very vulgar taste,—for humour was not her talent.

"As Madame de Stäel attached so much importance to flattery and celebrity, she was right in sincerely regretting the visits she received from foreigners, the power of giving them fine dinners, and of assembling in her house literary characters, and the journalists of her own party. If she had lived more secluded, she would have written better works; but she would have been praised infinitely less."

Every one knows that marriage in France is a partnership of funds, not of affections; that the parents, relations, or friends *negotiate* the business as they would negotiate the purchase of an estate, and after ascertaining the titles, *dot*, and other *essentials* (the parties to be married are altogether out of the question, *comme de raison*), they at last strike the bargain, that is, sign the contract, on which occasion *Monsieur le notaire* receives some bagsful of gold from the lady's father or guardian, for the use of the disinterested bridegroom! But we must attend to Madame de Genlis' account of a transaction of this kind, which she was engaged to negotiate:—

"I had been for a long time reflecting in my own mind how to bring about a fortunate marriage for him, when Madame Moreau came one day to express the desire she felt from M. de Custine's excellent character to give him the hand of her daughter, and desired me to sound him on the subject. I am not in general fond of interfering in this kind of negotiation, but Madame Moreau pressed me so strongly that I consented. I spoke to M. de Custine in a careless indifferent way about the matter, and advised him to get introduced at the Marechale's, which he did two days after. He came away delighted with Mademoiselle Moreau, whom he thought exceedingly charming, which she is in reality. He fell violently in love with her, and asked her hand; he received the highest hopes; his fortune, birth, person, and character were all perfectly suitable. But at the moment every thing seemed verging to a happy conclusion, an insurmountable obstacle arose. Madame Moreau was determined on not separating from her daughter, and declared she would have the new-married couple to reside in her house; but as Madame de Custine had the same intention, the whole arrangement was broken off. This melancholy conclusion was exceedingly painful to me, because it violently affected M. de Custine, who was passionately in love; but filial affection conquered his love and the interest of his future happiness,—a sacrifice the more

worthy of notice, as he was then thirty years of age, and enjoyed an independent fortune. But as I have already said, another good marriage consoled him at length; he married Mademoiselle de Courteaumer, a very worthy young lady, who had received a most excellent education; he took her immediately to his estate of Fervaquet."

It was not to be expected that a lady who had made such a distinguished figure amidst the refined taste and manners of the Bourbon court before the revolution, should see with much good-will or toleration the affected rudeness and freedom of the republican era, the gorgeous splendour and arrogant pretensions of the imperial satellites, or the more unceremonious habits of the *soi-disant* constitutional *regime*. We accordingly find our author, in various parts of these Memoirs, lamenting over the decay of taste and elegance, the nullity of modern conversation, the pompous pretensions to political knowledge, and the ridiculous manners of the *parvenus* of the present day—the *upstart* men of the world. The following satirical sketch is well worthy of her discriminating pen:—

"If twelve or fifteen persons meet together, those who are reckoned most clever and intelligent (that is, when politics are not discussed) begin telling satirical or ludicrous stories, which are applauded with such noisy bursts of laughter, that I always shudder with alarm at the close of a tale. The best retailers of anecdote are those who employ grimace and vehement gesticulation. As to conversation, there is none—nobody knows what it is. There is one practice to which I shall never become accustomed—I mean the bold, careless manner with which gentlemen enter and leave a drawing-room, and the disagreeable scenes one is obliged to suffer at their arrival and departure; they absolutely burst in upon you to wish you good day, or to bid you adieu. I have been seeking for the reason of this singular custom, and think I have found it: a great many people *now* known in society were not accustomed before the Revolution to come *so far as the drawing-room;* when they were admitted, they thought that it was indispensably necessary for them to avoid an awkward, embarrassed look on entering and taking their seats, so they assumed a manly courage, and hence arose that impetuosity of manner, that air of boldness and assurance, which have been almost generally adopted even by those persons who may see themselves in good company without wondering at the circumstance."

It would be improper to omit the author's opinion of a late celebrated French writer, the relation of Marmontel, and the *dean of French literature*—the *Abbé Morellet*. It is well known that this voluminous author was better known from his connexion with the writers of the *Encyclopédie*, than from the excellence of his own works; but it is this very connexion that exposes him to the merciless notice of Madame de Genlis, for she is far from painting him *en beau*:—

"The following is my opinion of the Memoirs of the Abbé Morellet, in two volumes 8vo. My opinion on this subject will not be open to suspicion, for the author never wrote a single line against me; and so far was he from being my enemy, that he always pretended that he had a great *inclination* for me; he even said that I was a dangerous antagonist of philosophy, and thought (as M. Suard has mentioned in his writings) that I had great talents as a critic, but was, however, very inquisitive. These favourable opinions will not prevent me saying, with my usual frankness, that these Memoirs are a wretched and silly work. The author informs us, that he was born in 1717; that his father was a stationer at Lyons, in a very small way of business; the author was the eldest of fourteen children; he admits that his father was unable to give him any education, but he entered the college of the Jesuits, where he pursued the same studies as the other scholars, gratuitously, it would appear; he does not say so, but it is extremely probable. In return for this kindness, he pretends that he was beat regularly every Saturday, *for the example and instruction of the rest.* This is certainly a charming piece of calumny. Let us remark, in the meanwhile, that the philosophers did not boast much of their gratitude: Rousseau, as is well known, was very ungrateful towards his benefactors; he admits it himself, in his abominable *Confessions.* Voltaire was educated by the Jesuits, and says in his works, that a man must be a *monster* not to love those who gave him his education, and yet he persecuted the Jesuits during his whole life. He tried in vain to get them driven out of the states of the king of Prussia. D'Alembert, a bastard foundling, was found on the steps of the church of Saint Roch; clergymen took him in, and brought him up; to their charity he was indebted for life and education, yet he never ceased declaiming against priests and religion, and calumniating them both. Robespierre, a famous philosopher, was indebted for his education to a charitable bishop. The female philosopher, Mademoiselle d'Espinasse, shewed the blackest ingratitude to her benefactress, Madame du Deffant. The Abbé Morellet is not a whit more grateful to his protectors and first teachers; he admits in his Memoirs, that he, and all the rest of the philosophers, openly attacked the government, and that it formed one of their greatest pleasures at every party. He is very seriously angry at M. de Pompignan, because, in his discourse upon being received as a member of the French Academy, he had the audacity to speak against modern philosophy; he says, that after this assault, Voltaire fulminated numberless pamphlets against him, and that he, the Abbé Morellet, wrote his *Si et Pourquoi* against the same individual; he adds, that he kept up *a running fire* in his little libels, the recollection of which pleases him so highly. We are told at every line, that M. de Pompignan is a fool, a cheat, and a hypocrite. Thus they treated a most virtuous character, a man of the most excellent disposition, the author of very beautiful poems, of several works full of learning and amusement, and the writer of the tragedy of Dido, that has so properly remained upon the stage. The Abbé is rather embarrassed while speaking of his infamous libel against Palissot, in which the Princess de Robeck was so slandered; she read this production, being in ill health at the time, and this insult, by its notoriety, embittered her life, and hastened her death; these are facts which he cannot deny. M. Morellet says, that he is not without remorse for *this sin.* This jocular tone is no great proof of it, and the malignity was the more atrocious, that he had no cause of complaint to allege against Palissot or Madame de Robeck; he did not even know the latter. He says farther, that the persons to whom he confided the secret of this libel were D'Alembert and M. Turgot, and that they thought it *a very good thing.* Such is modern philosophy! * * * *

"M. Morellet then relates some rather amusing Jacobin anecdotes of the reign of terror; as a Deist, he feels no indignation at the profane acts of that period, of the impieties committed, and the persecutions exercised against the conscientious part of the priests; but he is dreadfully angry that their livings should have been taken from them; this was, according to him, a crying, an intolerable piece of injustice. . . . . They took his priory away from him."

The routs and crowded assemblies of London fashionable life are becoming naturalised in the French capital, to the discomfiture of the ancient graces and *bienseances*, and to the no small discomfort of our authoress, who draws the following contrast of the manners of her youthful period with the degenerate habits of modern days:—

"Ah! the happy time when company assembled in a drawing-room, and thought of nothing but pleasing and amusing each other!—when they could not, without being excessively pedantic, have the pretension of displaying profound knowledge of government affairs—where the company possessed gaiety and graceful manners, and all that portion of frivolity that renders one pleasing, which reposes in the evening from the occupations of the day, and from the fatigue of business! At the present day, men are not more serious in their habits, more faithful in their friendships, or more prudent in their conduct; but they think themselves profound because they are heavy; sensible, because they are grave; and when they are uniformly tiresome, how they esteem each other, and reckon themselves the models of prudence and wisdom! What is that crowded drawing-room, surrounded by tumultuous candidates for admission, where every one presses on his neighbour, and is forced to stand upright, where even the ladies cannot find a seat? . . . The talents of the lady of the house are praised, but of what use are they to her? She can neither speak nor hear—one cannot come near her. A wax figure, placed in an arm-chair, would do the honours of such a party as well as herself. She is condemned to remain there till three o'clock in the morning, and will go to bed without having it in her power to see half of the company she has received. . . . *This is an assembly à l'Anglaise!* It must be admitted, that the parties *à la Française*, formerly seen at the Palais-Royal, at the Palais-Bourbon, at the Temple, at Madame de Montesson's, at the Marechale de Luxembourg's, at the Princess of Beauveau's, at Madame de Boufflers', at Madame de Puisieux's, and many others, were somewhat better than all this——."

Though Madame de Genlis is exceedingly dissatisfied with the habits of the present day, she admits that a change had already taken place in society some years before the Revolution, and that every thing in literature, politics, and religion, announced that memorable catastrophe that was to sweep off at one fell blast the benefits of literature, the charms of society, the consolations of religion, as well as the innumerable errors and abuses which time and tyranny had accumulated upon the French nation and monarchy.

If the author of the following *bon-mot* be the renowned diplomatist who discovered that "speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts," we rather think that on this occasion he might have made use of his own maxim; "but two of a trade," &c.

"M. de * * * is universally considered to be a man who never does any thing but from some secret motive of ambition: he had been dangerously ill when the Prince de T—— saw him in the Chamber of Peers for the first time since his illness; the moment he saw him, he

was struck with the alteration that had taken place: 'How thin and old-looking he is!' said he: '*What interest has he in being so?*' . . . This is one of those sayings that are worthy of being recorded, for they are descriptive of the whole features of a character, and illustrate the manners of an age."

With this we conclude.

Eustace Fitz-Richard; a Tale of the Baron's Wars. 4 vols. By the Author of the Bandit Chief. London, 1826. Newman and Co.

A TALE befitting its title, containing battle, murder, and sudden death; a due proportion of fair ladies and brave knights; of perils by land, and perils by water; wounds from bright lances, and still brighter eyes; pageants, prisons, ambuscades, escapes, treachery, and truth; and altogether brought into action with an originality and interest not often belonging to works of this calibre. Eustace Fitz-Richard besides deserves considerable praise for having caught, and for portraying ably, much of the romantic spirit of his times. To give evidence of this, we cannot do better than quote a scene in which the earl of Leicester acts a conspicuous part. We should premise that Richard Fitz-Richard, a first-rate citizen, has assembled round his board some of the earl's staunchest opponents.

"At this moment a trumpet in the front court sounded. All were in an instant silent, and in the next a servant hurrying in, announced—'The earl of Leicester.' Every eye was turned to the doorway; a bustle was heard in the outer hall, and thrice was repeated—'The earl of Leicester!' Montfort entered, and all the company rose.

"In person, Simon Montfort was of a majestic figure and noble presence. His dark flowing locks, parted in the centre, were yet ungrizzled by time; his complexion swarthy, his features regular, and the expression of his countenance elevated. There might be traced in the curl of his lip, beneath his dark mustaches, a proud, if not a scornful expression; but when he smiled, there was witchery in its sweetness. From his attire it was evident he placed the most perfect confidence in his personal safety in the city; for although he had that morning entered it at the head of the baron's army, he had completely laid aside the panoply of steel in which he had then been clad. He now wore a tunic of crimson silk, flowing to the ground, and the sleeves of which were confined at the wrists with bracelets of gold, studded with precious stones, as was a collar of gold round his throat. A surcoat, without sleeves, of violet-coloured silk, was superbly embroidered with gold. The surcoat was girded round the loins with a Persian baldrick of crimson velvet: the scabbard of the cimeter he wore, and of a poinard which was sheathed beside it, were, like the belt, richly embroidered and decorated with jewels. His boots, of red velvet, were wide and short in the leg, and with that preposterous length of toe, originally intended, by its downwards curve, as a security to the hold of the foot in the stirrup, and which Anna Comines describes as disabling a dismounted knight from walking; but it now inclined upwards, although it was not until the still more foppish days of Richard the Second, that the long toe was connected to the knees by chains. On one hand he still wore a glove of white leather, which reached half way up the arm, and was embroidered with gold round the upper part. The other glove, and his cap of black velvet, looped with jewels, were carried by the pages who attended him.

"The presence of this distinguished guest was an unsought honour, on the part of Fitz-Richard, and as little desired by himself as the majority of the company, who were, in fact, assembled at the house of the leader of the king's party in the city, in honour of their cause, and to mark by their absence from the entertainment with which the mayor welcomed the entrance of the barons, their disapprobation of his conduct. But since the earl of Leicester had chosen to enter his house, Fitz-Richard received him with the honour due to his high rank; and the dame, with undisguised delight, had a seat placed for him next herself.

"The earl's health was drank by the master; and Montfort, in return, with a glance and smile which seemed directed to every individual at the table, although the whole was but the action of a moment, kissed the goblet, which had been brought him by his page from the master, and quaffed its contents.

"When this ceremony was ended, Leicester addressed himself, with many flattering speeches, to the dame; and as his eyes glanced along the company, who seemed to have forgotten all other subjects, and to have eyes for no other object than himself, he said to her, but although in low tones, such was the sudden silence created by his presence, that his words were heard by all—'When I look around, gentle dame, I am no longer surprised at master Fitz-Richard's absence from the entertainment given me and the barons by your worthy mayor: but my disappointment of his presence, and that of other gentlemen whom I see at your hospitable board, will, I doubt not, be atoned for to-morrow, by their attendance at a banquet which Fitz-Thomas is to give to the flower of English chivalry.' After a moment, he added—'My kind dame, ought I not to know those ladies? are they not the wives and daughters of the chief magistrates of the city? Yes, I could not be mistaken;' and then more aloud, and every lady thought that to her he more particularly smiled and spoke, as he said—'There are many flatter themselves—Gloucester and Derby, Hereford and Norfolk, Surrey and Warwick, and a hundred more, and I your servant—that we shall have the honour to-morrow evening to lead you down a merry dance, to the finest music the world can produce, which I have collected from every clime for the delight and service of the ladies of London.'

"All the loyalty which had been so recently called up by the seriously given toast to the king, was dissipated like the thinnest mist before the sudden blaze of a meridian sun; and dame Fitz-Richard, and all the gentle dames, dazzled by the present honour and promised triumph of the morrow, knew not how, with smile and simper, sufficiently to express the exquisite delight that tingled through every vein. But not so their spouses; they had shunned the entertainment of Fitz-Thomas, as they would a pestilence which was to lay their city waste; and yet not one of them could brace his nerves sufficiently to the telling Leicester to his face that they would not meet him on the morrow at the civic banquet, nor allow their wives and daughters to be present at the ball. Not that any one of them acknowledged, even to himself, such craven spirit; but with laudable ingenuity decided that it would be neither proper to interrupt the present festivity by any angry discussion, nor even appear to notice a speech not addressed to them, but to their ladies. Nevertheless, they groaned in spirit, when they thus saw the advantage Lord Leicester had gained, and were ready to exclaim—'Not only are the rulers and the people against us, but the very wives of our bosoms, and the daughters of our flesh!'

"Montfort continued his flattering attentions to the dame and her fair guests, until the unwelcome moment when propriety demanded their retiring from the festal board: he then said—'With your leave, gentle dame, I will join your fair party for half an hour previous to my departure; my barge is to be beneath your garden-wall at sunset.'

"This rekindled the smiles in the dames' dimpled cheeks, and they withdrew.

"Montfort beckoned to his page, who instantly brought him a cup of wine, and with a slight bow and wave of his hand to Fitz-Richard, as asking permission, took the dame's seat at the head of the board. He then said—'We will drink to your good dame, and her fair guests, master Fitz-Richard; they are a beauteous bevy, and worthy of the hearts and hands of the best men in England.' The toast having been drunk, he again claimed attention.—'Before we sit down, I pray you fill your goblets again;' which, when done, and every hand was raised, and every eye was fixed on him, he gave—'Prosperity to the great city of London!' The toast was drunk; the goblets reversed.—'Fill, my friends, once more.' The beakers and flasks were hurried about.—'May the peers of England ever be the friends of the citizens! Hurra! Hurra!—Once more, I pray you. More Burgundy! More champaign!'—The corks flew—the beakers foamed—the goblets overflowed.—'May the commerce of England be boundless as the ocean, and the sun rising in the east, and setting in the west, shine in its whole course on the territories of the citizens of London!'

"Whether the champaign inspired them with a prophetic fury or not, the daring flights of Montfort were shouted to by the suddenly intoxicated company; and when he now, by sitting down, allowed them to resume their seats, there was scarcely one of them who possessed that collectedness of mind necessary to guard against his fascinations: and having thus prepared the way, he allowed not his purpose to cool, but assailed them with all those sentiments most likely to flatter their love of their city's greatness, which was, in truth, but a nobler colour given to that of their own; and by bold hints of what a more enterprising government might enable them to accomplish, he succeeded in, for a while, stifling all those feelings and opinions which it had hitherto been their pride to entertain: and as he never allowed the wine to rest, it is not difficult to conceive that, in a very short time, he had completely succeeded in gaining their enthusiastic admiration; and when he suddenly bade them farewell, they filled their goblets to overflowing, and with loudest cheers drank to the noble earl of Leicester."

We leave this to speak for itself as a spiritedly written scene, and there are many others no ways inferior; and the work altogether is one of the best of its kind.

American Ornithology. Vol. 1. folio.

WE have now to finish our review of the first volume of this sequel of a great national work, for which the United States are indebted to a Frenchman, following in the steps of a Scotsman. M. Bonaparte gives an excellent description of that excellent bird the turkey:—

"The native country of the wild turkey extends from the north-western territory of

the United States to the isthmus of Panama, south of which it is not to be found, notwithstanding the statements of authors, who have mistaken the curasoow for it. In Canada, and the now densely peopled parts of the United States, wild turkeys were formerly very abundant; but, like the Indian and buffalo, they have been compelled to yield to the destructive ingenuity of the white settlers, often wantonly exercised, and seek refuge in the remotest parts of the interior. Although they relinquish their native soil with slow and reluctant steps, yet such is the rapidity with which settlements are extended and condensed over the surface of this country, that we may anticipate a day, at no distant period, when the hunter will seek the wild turkey in vain. * *

"The wild turkeys do not confine themselves to any particular food; they eat maize, all sorts of berries, fruits, grasses, beetles; and even tadpoles, young frogs, and lizards, are occasionally found in their crops; but where the pecan nut is plenty, they prefer that fruit to any other nourishment; their more general predilection is, however, for the acorn, on which they rapidly fatten. When an unusually profuse crop of acorns is produced in a particular section of country, great numbers of turkeys are enticed from their ordinary haunts in the surrounding districts. About the beginning of October, while the mast still remains on the trees, they assemble in flocks, and direct their course to the rich bottom lands. At this season, they are observed in great numbers on the Ohio and Mississippi. The time of this irruption is known to the Indians by the name of the *turkey month*.

"The males, usually termed *gobblers*, associate in parties numbering from ten to a hundred, and seek their food apart from the females; whilst the latter either move about singly with their young, then nearly two-thirds grown, or, in company with other females and their families, form troops, sometimes consisting of seventy or eighty individuals, all of whom are intent on avoiding the old males, who, whenever opportunity offers, attack and destroy the young, by repeated blows on the skull. All parties, however, travel in the same direction, and on foot, unless they are compelled to seek their individual safety by flying from the hunter's dog, or their march is impeded by a large river. When about to cross a river, they select the highest eminences, that their flight may be the more certain; and here they sometimes remain for a day or more, as if for the purpose of consultation, or to be duly prepared for so hazardous a voyage. During this time the males *gobble* obstreperously, and strut with extraordinary importance, as if they would animate their companions, and inspire them with the utmost degree of hardihood: the females and young also assume much of the pompous air of the males, the former spreading their tails, and moving silently around. At length the assembled multitude mount to the tops of the highest trees, whence, at a signal note from a leader, the whole together wing their way towards the opposite shore. All the old and fat ones cross without difficulty, even when the river exceeds a mile in width; but the young, meagre, and weak, frequently fall short of the desired landing, and are forced to swim for their lives: this they do dexterously enough, spreading their tails for a support, closing their wings to the body, stretching the neck forwards, and striking out quickly and forcibly with their legs. If, in thus endeavouring to regain the land, they approach an elevated or inaccessible bank, their exertions are remitted, they resign themselves to the stream, for a short time, in order to gain strength, and then, with one violent effort, escape from the water. But in this attempt all are not successful; some of the weaker, as they cannot rise sufficiently high in the air to clear the bank, fall again and again into the water, and thus miserably perish. Immediately after these birds have succeeded in crossing a river, they for some time ramble about without any apparent unanimity of purpose, and a great many are destroyed by the hunters, although they are then least valuable.

"When the turkeys have arrived in their land of abundance they disperse in small flocks, composed of individuals of all sexes and ages intermingled, who devour all the mast as they advance: this occurs about the middle of November. It has been observed that, after these long journeys, the turkeys become so familiar as to venture on the plantations, and even approach so near the farm-houses as to enter the stable and corn-cribs in search of food: in this way they pass the autumn, and part of the winter. During this season great numbers are killed by the inhabitants, who preserve them in a frozen state, in order to transport them to a distant market.

"Early in March they begin to pair; and for a short time previous, the females separate from and shun their mates, though the latter pertinaciously follow them, uttering their gobbling note. The sexes roost apart, but at no great distance, so that when the female utters a call, every male within hearing responds, rolling note after note, in the most rapid succession; not as when spreading the tail and strutting near the hen, but in a voice resembling that of the tame turkey, when he hears any unusual or frequently repeated noise. Where the turkeys are numerous, the woods from one end to the other, sometimes for hundreds of miles, resound with this remarkable voice of their cooing, uttered responsively from their roosting places. This is continued for about an hour; and on the rising of the sun, they silently descend from their perches, and the males begin to strut, for the purpose of winning the admiration of their mates.

"If the call be given from the ground, the males in the vicinity fly towards the individual, and whether they perceive her or not, erect and spread their tails, throw the head backwards, distend the comb and wattles, strut about pompously, and rustle their wings and body feathers, at the same moment ejecting a puff of air from the lungs. Whilst thus occupied, they occasionally halt to look out for the female, and then resume their strutting and puffing, moving with as much rapidity as the nature of their gait will admit. During this ceremonious approach the males often encounter each other, and desperate battles ensue, when the conflict is only terminated by the flight or death of the vanquished."

M. Bonaparte follows this chivalrous description with one rather to be alluded to than quoted, of turkey courtships. The cock, it seems, endeavours to break all their eggs, in order to keep his favourite hens around him; but the females hide their nests, and the deserted males become "clumsy and careless, meet each other peaceably, and cease to gobble."

"The cocks, even when on the roost, sometimes strut and gobble, but more generally merely elevate the tail, and utter the *puff*, on which the tail and other feathers suddenly subside. On light or moon-shining nights, near the termination of the breeding season, they repeat this action, at intervals of a few minutes, for several hours together, without rising from their perches.

"The sexes then separate; the males being much emaciated, cease entirely to gobble, retire and conceal themselves by prostrate trees, in secluded parts of the forest, or in the almost impenetrable privacy of a cane-brake. Rather than leave their hiding-places, they suffer themselves to be approached within a short distance, when they seek safety in their speed of foot: at this season, however, they are of no value to the hunter, being meagre and covered with ticks. By thus retiring, using very little exercise, and feeding on peculiar grasses, they recover their flesh and strength, and when this object is attained, again congregate, and recommence their rambles.

"About the middle of April, when the weather is dry, the female selects a proper place in which to deposit her eggs, secured from the encroachment of water, and, as far as possible, concealed from the watchful eye of the crow: this crafty bird espies the hen going to her nest, and having discovered the precious deposit, waits for the absence of the parent, and removes every one of the eggs from the spot, that he may devour them at leisure." They are generally from nine to fifteen in number.

"The female always approaches her nest with great caution, varying her course so as rarely to reach it twice by the same route; and, on leaving her charge, she is very careful to cover the whole with dry leaves, with which she conceals it so artfully, as to make it extremely difficult, even for one who has watched her movements, to indicate the exact spot: hence few nests are found, and these are generally discovered by fortuitously starting the female from them, or by the appearance of broken shells, scattered around by some cunning lynx, fox, or crow. When laying or sitting, the turkey hen is not readily driven from her post by the approach of apparent danger; but if an enemy appears, she crouches as low as possible, and suffers it to pass. A circumstance related by Mr. Audubon will shew how much intelligence they display on such occasions: having discovered a sitting hen, he remarked that, by assuming a careless air, whistling, or talking to himself, he was permitted to pass within five or six feet of her; but, if he advanced cautiously, she would not suffer him to come within twenty paces, but ran off twenty or thirty yards with her tail expended, when, assuming a stately gait, she paused on every step, occasionally uttering a chuck. They seldom abandon their nests on account of being discovered by man, but should a snake or any other animal suck one of the eggs, the parent leaves them altogether. Mr. Audubon once found three females sitting on forty-two eggs. In such cases, the nest is constantly guarded by one of the parties, so that no crow, raven, nor even polecat, dares approach it. * * *

"The young turkeys grow rapidly, and in the month of August, when several broods flock together, and are led by their mothers to the forest, they are stout, and quite able to secure themselves from the attacks of wolves, foxes, lynxes, and even cougars by rising quickly from the ground, aided by their strong legs, and reaching with ease the upper limbs of the tallest tree. Amongst the numerous enemies of the wild turkey, the most dreaded are the large diurnal and nocturnal birds of prey, and the lynx (*Felix rufa*), who sucks their

eggs, and is extremely expert in seizing both parent and young: he follows them for some distance, in order to ascertain their course, and then, making a rapid circular movement, places himself in ambush before them, and waits until, by a single bound, he can fasten on his victim. * * *

"In proportion to the abundance or scarcity of food, and its good or bad quality, they are small or large, meagre or fat, and of an excellent or indifferent flavour: in general, however, their flesh is more delicate, more succulent, and better tasted, than that of the tame turkey: they are in the best order late in the autumn, or in the beginning of winter. The Indians value this food so highly, when roasted, that they call it 'the white man's dish,' and present it to strangers as the best they can offer. It seems probable, that in Mexico the wild turkey cannot obtain such substantial food as in the United States, since Hernandez informs us, that their flesh is harder, and, in all respects, inferior to that of the domestic bird.

"The Indians make much use of their tails as fans; the women weave their feathers with much art, on a loose web made of the rind of the birch tree, arranging them so as to keep the down on the inside, and exhibit the brilliant surface to the eye. A specimen of this cloth is in the Philadelphia museum; it was found enveloping the body of an Indian female, in the great saltpetre cave of Kentucky. * * * *

"The first unquestionable description of the turkey was written by Oviedo, in 1525, in the summary of his History of the Indies. This bird was sent from Mexico to Spain early in the sixteenth century; from Spain it was introduced into England in 1524. Turkeys were taken to France in the reign of Francis I., whence they spread into Germany, Italy, &c.; a few, however, had been carried to the latter country, by the Spaniards, some years previously. The first turkey eaten in France appears to have been served up at the wedding banquet of Charles IX. in the year 1570. Since that period they have been bred with so much care, that in England, as we read in ancient chronicles, their rapid increase rendered them attainable at country feasts, where they were a much-esteemed dish, as early as 1585. Europeans conveyed them to all their colonies, and thus were they gradually introduced into Asia, Africa, and even Oceanica. * * *

"Those who have not observed the turkey in its wild state have only seen its deteriorated progeny, which are greatly inferior in size and beauty. So far from having gained by the care of man, and the abundance of food accessible in its state of domestication, this bird has degenerated, not only in Europe and Asia, but, what is certainly extraordinary, even in its native country.

"The male wild turkey, when full-grown, is nearly four feet in length, and more than five in extent.

"The female, or hen-turkey, is considerably smaller in size, being three feet and a quarter long.

"The weight of the hen generally averages about nine pounds avoirdupois. Mr. Audubon has shot barren hens, in strawberry time, weighing thirteen pounds; and he has seen some few so fat, as to burst open by falling from a tree, after being shot. The male turkeys differ more in bulk and weight: from the accounts I have received from various parts of the Union, fifteen or twenty pounds may be considered a fair statement of their medium weight; but birds of thirty pounds are not very rare; and I have ascertained the existence of some weighing forty. In relation to those surpassing the last-mentioned weight, according to the report of authors who do not speak from personal observation, I have not been able to find any, and am inclined to consider them as fabulous."

With this we must conclude. Not so graphic as Wilson, M. Bonaparte's book is a valuable addition to natural science; and both from the name of the author and the execution of the plates may fairly be deemed a literary curiosity. As such, we are glad to have it in our power to introduce it to European readers, through the medium of the Literary Gazette.

Waterton's Wanderings. 4to. Mawman.

NATURAL HISTORY—POETRY—CONCLUSION.

AGREEABLY to our pledge, we now finish the review of this curious volume, chiefly by a glance over its most remarkable features in various branches of Natural History.

"A vine called the bush-rope by the woodcutters, on account of its use in hauling out the heaviest timber, has a singular appearance in the forests of Demerara. Sometimes you see it nearly as thick as a man's body, twisted like a corkscrew round the tallest trees, and rearing its head high above their tops. At other times, three or four of them, like strands in a cable, join tree and tree, and branch and branch together. Others, descending from on high, take root as soon as their extremity touches the ground, and appear like shrouds and stays supporting the mainmast of a line-of-battle ship; while others, sending out parallel, oblique, horizontal, and perpendicular shoots in all directions, put you in mind of what travellers call a matted forest. Oftentimes a tree, about a hundred feet high, uprooted by the whirlwind, is stopped in its fall by these amazing cables of nature; and hence it is that you account for the phenomenon of seeing trees, not only vegetating, but sending forth vigorous shoots, though far from their perpendicular, and their trunks inclined to every degree from the meridian to the horizon.

"Their heads remain firmly supported by the bush-rope; many of their roots soon refix themselves in the earth, and frequently a strong shoot will sprout out perpendicularly from near the root of the reclined trunk, and in time become a fine tree. No grass grows under the trees; and few weeds, except in the swamps."

The *campanero* of the Spaniards, the *dara* of the Indians, and *bell-bird* of the English, is about the size of the jay. "His plumage is white as snow. On his forehead rises a spiral tube nearly three inches long. It is jet black, dotted all over with small white feathers. It has a communication with the palate, and when filled with air, looks like a spire; when empty, it becomes pendulous. His note is loud and clear, like the sound of a bell, and may be heard at the distance of three miles. In the midst of these extensive wilds, generally on the driest top of an aged mora, almost out of gun reach, you will see the campanero. No sound or song from any of the winged inhabitants of the forest, not even the clearly pronounced 'whip-poor-will,' from the goatsucker, cause such astonishment as the toll of the campanero.

"With many of the feathered race, he pays the common tribute of a morning and an evening song; and even when the meridian sun has shut in silence the mouths of almost the whole of animated nature, the campanero still cheers the forest. You hear his toll, and then a pause for a minute, then another toll, and then a pause again, and then a toll, and again a pause. Then he is silent for six or eight minutes, and then another toll, and so on."

Then comes the author's flourish—"Acteon would stop in mid chase, Maria would defer her evening song, and Orpheus himself would drop his lute to listen to him; so sweet, so novel, and romantic is the toll of the pretty snow-white campanero. He is never seen to feed with the other cotingas, nor is it known in what part of Guiana he makes his nest."

The *goatsucker*, Mr. W. states, does not deserve the name; for it only catches flies which are tormenting the flocks, and is no moonlight depredator upon their udders, as has been erroneously supposed since the age of Aristotle. The vampire, however, is a fowl of another feather; for though he does not always live on blood (but eats certain seeds and fruit), he is rather fond of the sanguine flood by way of variety.

"The *vampire*, in general, measures about twenty-six inches from wing to wing extended, though I once killed one which measured thirty-two inches. He frequents old abandoned houses and hollow trees; and sometimes a cluster of them may be seen in the forest hanging head downwards from the branch of a tree.

"Goldsmith seems to have been aware that the vampire hangs in clusters; for, in the 'Deserted Village,' speaking of America, he says:

> 'And matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
> But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling.'

"The vampire has a curious membrane, which rises from the nose, and gives it a very singular appearance. It has been remarked before, that there are two species of vampire in Guiana, a larger and a smaller. The larger sucks men and other animals; the smaller seems to confine himself chiefly to birds. I learnt from a gentleman, high up in the river Demerara, that he was completely unsuccessful with his fowls, on account of the small vampire. He shewed me some that had been sucked the night before, and they were scarcely able to walk.

"Some years ago I went to the river Paumaron with a Scotch gentleman, by name Tarbet. We hung our hammocks in the thatched loft of a planter's house. Next morning I heard this gentleman muttering in his hammock, and now and then letting fall an imprecation or two, just about the time he ought to have been saying his morning prayers. 'What is the matter, sir?' said I, softly; 'is any thing amiss?' 'What's the matter?' answered he, surlily; 'why the vampires have been sucking me to death.' As soon as there was light enough, I went to his hammock, and saw it much stained with blood. 'There,' said he, thrusting his foot out of the hammock, 'see how these infernal imps have been drawing my life's blood.' On examining his foot, I found the vampire had tapped his great toe: there was a wound somewhat less than that made by a leech; the blood was still oozing from it; I conjectured he might have lost from ten to twelve ounces of blood. Whilst examining it, I think I put him into a worse humour by remarking, that a European surgeon would not have been so generous as to have blooded him without making a charge. He looked up in my face, but did not say a word: I saw he was of opinion that I had better have spared this piece of ill-timed levity." We think so too; and still further, that the author should have spared the public the unseemly story which follows respecting the red ants' attack upon the same individual.

"The *sloth* is the only quadruped known which spends its whole life from the branch of a tree, suspended by his feet. I have paid uncommon attention to him in his native haunts. The monkey and squirrel will seize a branch with their fore feet, and pull themselves up, and rest or run upon it; but the sloth after seizing it still remains suspended, and suspended moves along under the branch, till he can lay hold of another. Whenever I have seen him in his native woods, whether at rest, or asleep, or on his travels, I have always observed that he was suspended from the branch of a tree. When his form and anatomy are attentively considered, it will appear evident, that the sloth cannot be at ease in any situation where his body is higher or above his feet.

"The *armadillo* is very common in these forests; he burrows in the sand-hills like a rabbit. As it often takes a considerable time to dig him out of his hole, it would be a long and laborious business to attack each hole indiscriminately without knowing whether the animal were there or not. To prevent disappointment, the Indians carefully examine the mouth of the hole, and put a short stick down it. Now if, on introducing the stick, a number of mosquitos come out, the Indians know to a certainty that the armadillo is in it: wherever there are no mosquitos in the hole, there is no armadillo." They burrow so deep that it often requires great perseverance to dig them out. The following is a curious summary of quadrupeds which "have some very particular mark, or mode of existence, different from all other animals. The sloth has four feet, but never can use them to support his body on the earth; they want soles, which are a marked feature in the feet of other animals. The ant-bear has not a tooth in his head, still he roves fearless on, in the same forests with the jaguar and boa constrictor. The vampire does not make use of his feet to walk, but to stretch a membrane, which enables him to go up into an element where no other quadruped is seen. The armadillo has only here and there a straggling hair, and has neither fur, nor wool, nor bristles, but in lieu of them has received a movable shell, on which are scales very much like those of fishes. The tortoise is oviparous, entirely without any appearance of hair, and is obliged to accommodate itself to a shell which is quite hard and inflexible, and in no point of view whatever obedient to the will or pleasure of the bearer. The egg of the tortoise has a very hard shell, while that of the turtle is quite soft."

In birds, too, some singularities are recorded.

"There is something remarkable in the great tinamou, which I suspect has hitherto escaped notice. It invariably roosts in trees; but the feet are so very small in proportion to the body of this bulky bird, that they can be of no use to it in grasping the branch; and, moreover, the hind toe is so short, that it does not touch the ground when the bird is walking. The back part of the leg, just below the knee, is quite flat, and somewhat concave. On it are strong pointed scales, which are very rough, and catch your finger as you move it along from the knee to the toe. Now, by means of these scales, and the particular flatness of that part of the leg, the bird is enabled to sleep in safety upon the branch of a tree.

"At the close of day, the great tinamou gives a loud, monotonous, plaintive whistle, and then immediately springs into the tree. By the light of the full moon, the vigilant and cautious naturalist may see him sitting in the position already described.

"The small tinamou has nothing that can be called a tail. It never lays more than one egg, which is of a chocolate colour. It makes no nest, but merely scratches a little hollow in the sand, generally at the foot of a tree.

"Here we have an instance of a bird, the size of a partridge, and of the same tribe, laying only one egg, while the rest of the family, from the peahen to the quail, are known to lay a considerable number. The foot of this bird is very small in proportion, but the back part of the leg bears no resemblance to that of the larger tinamou; hence one might conclude that it sleeps on the ground."

But it is time to conclude. Half-a-dozen of plates would have been far better than all the author's flaming descriptions: he might have avoided numerous repetitions; and he ought to have spared us his sensibilities and poetry. Of the latter, when comic, Mr. W. left the following admirable specimen in an album on his fourth wandering in North America:—

"He sprain'd his foot, and hurt his toe,
On the rough road near Buffalo.
It quite distresses him to stagger a-
Long the sharp rocks of famed Niagara;
So thus he's doom'd to drink the measure
Of pain, in lieu of that of pleasure.
On Hope's delusive pinions borne,
He came for wool, and goes back shorn.
N.B.—Here he alludes to nothing but
Th' adventure of his toe and foot:
Save this,—he sees all that which can
Delight and charm the soul of man;
But feels it not,—because his toe,
And foot together plague him so."

It was to cure this sprain that he condescended to employ the falls of Niagara by way of pump. "I remember (says he) once to have sprained my ancle very violently many years ago, and that the doctor ordered me to hold it under the pump two or three times a day. Now, in the United States of America, all is upon a grand scale, except taxation; and I am convinced that the traveller's ideas become much more enlarged as he journeys through the country. This being the case, I can easily account for the desire I felt to hold my sprained foot under the fall of Niagara. I descended the winding staircase which has been made for the accommodation of travellers, and then hobbled on to the scene of action. As I held my leg under the fall, I tried to meditate on the immense difference there was betwixt a house-pump and this tremendous cascade of nature, and what effect it might have upon the sprain; but the magnitude of the subject was too overwhelming, and I was obliged to drop it."

Drop it, indeed! what, drop the falls of Niagara! Impossible! And now for the finale;—poetry more affecting than the woodpecker's appeal, and, we trust, more effectual; for they must have hard hearts who could laugh at the writer of so touching a strain.

"Well I know thy penetration
Many a stain and blot will see
In the languid, long narration
Of my sylvan errantry.

"For the pen too oft was weary,
In the wandering writer's hand,
As he roved through deep and dreary
Forests, in a distant land.

"Shew thy mercy, gentle reader,
Let him not entreat in vain;
It will be his strength's best feeder,
Should he ever go again.

"And who knows how soon, complaining
Of a cold and wifeless home,
He may leave it, and again in
Equatorial regions roam?"

Will no gentle lady marry our author? His laments about the *wifeless* condition of Walton Hall are most melancholy, and might melt the sternest She in England. We are sure he is a tender-hearted person, and would make the matrimonial state very pleasant. How must he sympathise with existing sorrows, when on seeing Troy town in America, he thus pours out his soul for Priam:—("What's Hecuba to him?")

"Poor king Priam! Napoleon's sorrows, sad and piercing as they were, did not come up to those of this ill-fated monarch. The Greeks first set his town on fire, and then began to bully:—

'Incensâ Danai dominantur in urbe.'

One of his sons was slain before his face, 'ante ora parentum concidit.' Another was crushed to mummy by boa constrictors, 'immensis orbibus angues.' His city was razed to the ground, 'jacet Ilion ingens.' And Pyrrhus ran him through with his sword, 'capulo tenus abdidit ensem.' This last may be considered as a fortunate stroke for the poor old king. Had his life been spared at this juncture, he could not have lived long. He must have died broken-hearted. He would have seen his son-in-law, once master of a noble stud, now, for want of a horse, obliged to carry off his father, up hill, on his own back, 'cessi et sublato, montem genitore petivi.' He would have heard of his grandson being thrown neck and heels from a high tower, 'mittitur Astyanax illis de turribus.' He would have been informed of his wife tearing out the eyes of king Odrysius with her finger nails, 'digitos in perfida lumina condit.' Soon after this, losing all appearance of woman, she became a *bitch*."

We dare add nothing more.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Adventures of Don Juan de Ulloa, in a Voyage to Calcut soon after the Discovery of India, &c. 12mo. pp. 306. London, 1826. J. Harris.

If Othello's adventures could captivate Desdemona, we are persuaded that these equally perilous adventures of Don Juan de Ulloa will win the hearts of every youthful reader. They are full of hair-breadth 'scapes, and, besides, describe foreign lands and manners in a way well calculated to make an impression on young minds. Twenty-four engravings must complete this effect; and few of Mr. Harris's pretty and useful books are likely to be thought superior to the Spanish navigator's desperate toils.

Rhyming Reminiscences, in Comical Couplets. By Geoffrey Grin, Gent. G. P. Arnold, London; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Westley and Tyrrell, Dublin.

If Shakspeare condemns the weariness of a twice-told tale, what is to be said of ten-times-told jokes? The only good thing to be said of this volume is, that it puts a good face upon the matter; and really the humorous wood-cut frontispiece is the best thing in the book.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE POOR GREEKS.

We replace this ominous title at the head of a few lines, to do ourselves the honour of acknowledging a letter from Colonel Stanhope on the subject of our remarks on the Greek cause and the Greek loan. In the spirit of candour and justice, we here give it insertion; though its length interferes with our arrangements, and its matter must impose upon us the necessity of offering some remarks—these, however, shall be as brief as possible, and deferred, for the sake of room, to another Number.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—In the last Number of the Literary Gazette you state, on the authority of Capt. Blaquiere, that owing to certain delays, mistakes, and squabbles, relief to Greece arrived

too late, and that thousands of throats were consequently cut; and you call upon the loan negotiators and contractors, the committees and commissioners on behalf of the Greeks, to explain their conduct. You say that, "with the exception of a letter from Col. Stanhope, not addressed to us, nor exactly to the point, no explanation has been vouchsafed to these questions."

As an agent of the Greek committee, as a commissioner of the first Greek loan, as one accused or suspected of having been instrumental in the fall of Ipsara, I thank you for this public arraignment, and shall answer your challenge.

The objects of the Greek committee were to promote the union, the independence, the knowledge, and the liberties of Greece; to obtain for them subscriptions and a loan, and to influence men of all parties, and the governments of all nations, in their behalf. As their agent, I endeavoured to further this noble purpose, and I have exposed my conduct to public scrutiny. The committee, knowing that a people who had been for ages the Helots of the Turks could not be intrusted with money, and this opinion having been strongly maintained by Lord Byron, Col. Napier, Capt. Hastings, by myself, and Mr. H. Browne, they advised the appointment of commissioners, who should control the money, and be responsible that it was devoted to the purposes of war and other useful objects. To this end, the committee appointed Lord Byron, Col. Gordon, Conduriottis, and myself, commissioners for the control of the loan. My appointment was much opposed by the Greek deputies, either from a want of confidence in my capacity, my honesty, or else from a hostile feeling towards me, on account of my keeping aloof from all factions. Regardless of their conduct, I accepted this honourable post.

Previous to my nomination as a commissioner, I took every measure in my power to prepare for the security of the money. At my request, the representatives of the Greek people met for this purpose. I told them, that the loan should be placed at Zante, under charge of certain commissioners, and should only be paid over to an effective government. The administration should then reserve it for the payment of the soldiers actually engaged in war; they should limit the number of officers, and should appoint an honest commissioner to accompany each army, for the purpose of calling the roll every month, and putting the pay into the hands of each soldier. None of the money should be devoted to the payment of old debts. They approved these suggestions, and passed a law this effect.* I called on the Greek government to send me information concerning their receipts and expenditure, made out agreeably to the form Mr. Hume gave me, or to the budgets I procured in Switzerland; also to send me a report of their military system, with returns of their different corps, the number of their men and officers, their pay and stations, &c. I also desired Odysseus to send me a plan for the ensuing campaign.†

The capitanis were generally averse to the loan; they said that it would be plundered by the government party. The fact is, they feared it would deprive them of power and the means of acquiring wealth. The capitanis have a notion, too, that the government is hostile to the army. I solicited the government to remove this opinion, by paying the soldiers, and doing them strict justice; also, by issuing proclamations against the capitanis who did not pursue this course. It should always be considered, that an army consists of two branches; if, therefore, you cannot gain the officers, gain the men, and you render their leaders impotent.* I lost no occasion to impress on the minds of all parties the necessity of union. I told them, that the government, though successful, could not go on for any length of time without coalescing.† I foretold that if the present party triumphed, the government would still have a formidable opposition: they would have the Colocotronis, Ipsilantes, Petrombegs, Deleyanis, and most of the military chiefs to contend with. These, in the event of any reverse of fortune, would upset the government. For this reason, I recommended that Ulysses should be placed in the executive; Ipsilante, president; Colliopulo, minister of war; and Negres, minister of state: Pasco Colocotroni, a young Petrombeg, should also be nominated to some important office.‡ The opposite course was pursued, and most of these, and many of the government chiefs, went into rebellion just as Greece was invaded by the Egyptians.

Lord Byron I thus addressed:—"There is a report current, that your lordship and myself are appointed commissioners for the disposal of the loan. For my own part, though it will be attended with great inconvenience, I will undertake the responsible charge. Should such a duty devolve on me, I should insist, as far as I am concerned, on having the money sent to Zante, or one of the Ionian islands, to secure it from being squandered."‖

To the committee I wrote as follows:—"It is reported that I am nominated one of the commissioners of the Greek loan. I must ever feel proud of the confidence of the committee. I am aware, however, that great responsibility is attached to that office, and as I am, from ill health, unable to remain in Greece during the hot weather, it would have been better to have deputed some other person as your agent in this business: however, as the lot has fallen on me, I shall act. I shall consider equally the interests of the lenders and the borrowers. The establishment of a strong and just government is what both the parties require. Unless this end is likely to be attained, I will not consent to deliver over the money. When the fortresses are in the hands of the government, I shall consider that they are in a condition to fulfil their contract, and, if forced to act wisely, to pay the interest of the money borrowed."§ Having learned that Col. Napier was nominated one of the commissioners, I solicited Trelawny to proceed to Cephalonia, and to inform him of the actual state of Greece, and to recommend him to hold fast the money, and by no means to allow one shilling of it to be sent to any part of Greece till he was fully informed as to the state of its government. I added, that I had desired the government to send some well-informed commissioners to Zante to negotiate with us; also to send us proper returns of their armies and fleets, and statements of their accounts, and their means of paying the interest of the debt.¶

On my being actually appointed a commissioner, I desired the Greek executive body to send me an accurate account of the income and expenditure of the government during the Turkish administration, and from the commencement of the insurrection until the present time also. The system of taxation which the government intended to adopt must be explained, as well as the plan for carrying on the war both by land and sea, and all expenses required, separately, for each division of the soldiers and vessels.*

On my arrival at Zante, Sir F. Hoven put into my hands a letter from the adjutant-general, communicating the king of England's command, that I should proceed home, on pain of "his majesty's highest displeasure." I told Colonel Hoven, that I was anxious to obey his majesty's commands, and the moment I could settle about the loan, I should proceed to Corfu; but that I would rather sacrifice my commission than injure the cause of Greece.† I have no complaint to make against the British government, and I feel grateful to Lord Bathurst for his liberal conduct towards me. In the course of the day I had two visits from Mr. Banff. He told me that the agents could not act until a new commission had been appointed, because the commission was to consist of either Lord Byron, Colonel Gordon, and Conduriottis, or else of Lord Byron, Conduriottis, and myself. I asked if the Logothetis would not act, provided the responsibility was taken off their shoulders by persons either in Greece or in the islands. He said securities could not be given.‡ I told the agents, that "I was ready to act, and to take upon myself all the responsibility of a commissioner." They, however, refused to act, the death of Lord Byron having invalidated the commission;‖ and again, on account of the lord high commissioner's proclamation, which forbid any act contrary to neutrality, and which the government of Zante intimated to the agents that he should put in force on the present occasion. Within ten days after this refusal, and before I had received the ratification of the loan by the Greek government, the valiant Ipsariots were overpowered.§ So that if the money had been hurried off to the Greek government, then engaged in a civil war, it could not have operated to prevent this dreadful event; and there is reason, from dire experience, to fear, that, like the rest of the loan, it would have been squandered.

The Greeks have a notion that they have but one want—that of money. This is a false notion, as sad experience has taught them. In my farewell address to this interesting people, I endeavoured to remove this impression. I said to them—"Your common cry is for money. Money, you say, will secure to you victory and independence. How came it, then, that your forefathers routed the Persians, and you the Turks, who were so much richer and superior in numbers? It was because the Persians and the Turks were corrupted by luxury and absolute rule. It is false, then, to say that gold or that iron are the sinews of war. These are but the accessories. The sinews of war are stout hearts, influenced by wise leaders, and the virtuous representatives of a free nation."

On my arrival in England, I openly declared before the agents and commissioners of the Greek loan, and the committee, that unless the money was placed under the control of some honest, firm, and enlightened commissioner, it would be squandered, that the cause of Greece would be sacrificed, and the dividends never paid.

With regard to the second Greek loan, neither the committee nor myself were concerned about it. The commissioners are responsible for its application. It would be idle to cast blame on the Greek agents, or on their government. If

* Vide Stanhope's Greece, p. 173. Ibid. p. 185.

* Vide Stanhope's Greece, p. 132.
† Ibid. pp. 154, 155, 164, 179, 202. ‡ Ibid. pp. 162, 202.
‖ Ibid. p. 163. § Ibid. p. 189. ¶ Ibid. p. 194.

* Vide Stanhope's Greece, p. 201. † Ibid. p. 206.
‡ Ibid. ‖ Ibid. p. 210. § Ibid. p. 407.

there is any man, with a knowledge of history and the effects of ultra despotic rule, who would trust Greece, divided by faction, and invaded by the Turkish empire, with an uncontrolled power over more than two millions and a half of money, it will be for him to defend such conduct, and to prove the fallacy of my recorded warnings and predictions. Had these loans been properly controlled, they would have saved Greece. At present, she is left to struggle on, and can only save herself by a long course of perseverance and heroism. Now then is the time for the religious and moral men of all nations to aid her with all their souls, and with all their strength.

I am, sir,
Your most humble servant,
LEICESTER STANHOPE.

London, Jan. 20, 1826.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MEDICAL REPORT.

"There are but few people who know whether it is the work of the politician when the state flourishes; or of the physician, when the patient dies."—*Zimmermann.*

FEW winters have been more strikingly illustrative of the variable nature of our climate than the present. In December the temperature was for many days unusually high; the season displayed more of the characters of spring than of winter. Those who were weather-wise foretold that we should have no winter; when suddenly came a frost, "a nipping frost," to prove the small reliance due to prognosticators. This has been succeeded by cold, humid fogs; but it is no unfrequent occurrence, to see the pavement, in the morning, starred with the crystallisations of a frost which had existed during a few hours in the night, and, nevertheless, moist and slippery before noon. The average range of the thermometer between the 1st of December, 1825, and this day, the 24th of January, 1826, has been nearly 20°; and we have seen it, more than once, fall from 54° to 22° in less than four hours, and again attain its former elevation within thirty hours. These variations of the weather have produced corresponding variations in health, and afforded another opportunity of proving the fallacy of the opinion, that cold and frost being natural in winter, are consequently more healthful at that season of the year than a milder state of the atmosphere.

The complaints in the early part of December were comparatively of a mild description; those of an intermittent character, which generally occur in autumn, being not unfrequent. Rheumatism, the besetting malady of the metropolis, assumed also an intermittent type in almost every instance, and afforded many opportunities of evincing the efficacy of administering calomel, tartar emetic, and opium, during the paroxysm of pain, and of adding bark, or the salt prepared from it, the *sulphate of quinia*, during the intermissions. We would here remark, that the efficacy of this preparation of the Peruvian drug is daily becoming more obvious: its powers as a tonic are very considerable; and not the least of its recommendations is the smallness of the dose into which it is compressed. Were it possible to extract, in a similar manner, the principles of all the vegetable remedies, the disgust accompanying the exhibition of medicines would cease, and the powers of the healing art be more justly appreciated, because the orders of the physician with regard to medicines would be more strictly followed; for, as Zimmermann justly remarks, "It very often happens, that patients take only half, or not so much, of the medicines prescribed by the physician. These doses being too small to remove the cause of the disease, the patient becomes worse, and all the blame is thrown on the physician." As far as respects *quinia* and *cinchonia*, the alkaloids on which the virtue of the Peruvian bark depends, it would prove a profitable speculation, and at the same time confer a general benefit, were a properly qualified individual sent to Lima, to prepare sulphates of quinia and of cinchonia from the bark of the trunks and large branches of the cinchona trees, which the bark collectors leave to rot in the woods. For the benefit of our country readers, and of those unacquainted with these preparations from cinchona bark, we may mention, that the two species of bark most employed, the pale bark (cinchona *lancifolia*), and the yellow bark (cinchona *cordifolia*), each yield, on chemical analysis, an alkaline substance, which possesses all the tonic virtue of the bark from which it is extracted, and that in so eminent a degree, that one grain is equivalent in power to half a drachm of the bark. The alkali procured from the pale bark has been named *cinchonia*, and that from the yellow bark *quinia*. In the bark they are combined with a peculiar acid, called *quinic*; but, when artificially separated, they are in the state of alkalies, are of difficult solution, and would not exert their influence on the habit, unless they were dissolved in the stomach, to effect which they are chemically combined with sulphuric acid, so as to form neutral salts, or the sulphates of cinchonia and of quinia. Both these salts are obtained in white, minute crystals, which are extremely bitter; but, as they are generally given in the form of pills, the taste is covered by the crum of bread, which is the best material for making them into pills. To return from this digression, we would remark, that although we adhere to the opinion which we advanced in a former Report, that embrocations and similar local applications are prejudicial in rheumatism, yet justice obliges us to acknowledge, that we have observed much temporary benefit to result from the application of a plaster composed of carbonate of ammonia and extract of belladonna to the pained part.

Besides rheumatism, fevers having much of the characters of typhus, or, in medical language, exhibiting the typhoid type, were very prevalent during the temperate portion of the month of December. It would be well if practitioners would either cease to state to the friends of patients that these fevers are modifications of typhus, or explain to them the distinction between fevers having a typhoid type and real typhus. In many instances, we have seen the utmost consternation produced by the idea, that a fever which exhibited some of the features of typhus was actually that awful malady; and, from the dread of infection, the patient has been neglected both by relatives and attendants. Now, it ought to be known, that many fevers, under certain circumstances, assume the typhoid type, but will never really become typhus, which is a fever *sui generis*, and into which any other fever is as little likely to resolve itself, as that measles should change into small-pox, or an ordinary catarrh into hooping-cough. The fevers which occurred in December were, in some cases, attended with great debility, in the latter stage of the disease, and occasionally proved fatal; but they were more nearly allied to the autumnal bilious remittent of our own climate, or the endemic fever of tropical countries, than to typhus.

As soon as the frost set in, not only were the complaints which supervened of a different character, but disease itself became more prevalent; and few persons, except those who were in strong bodily health, and capable of taking active exercise, escaped some degree of inflammation of the mucous membrane of the air passages. Sneezings and coughing were now heard on every side; and the lancet, which had for some weeks before remained within its case, was called into active employment. The most serious of these affections, and that one which, consequently, required the most active management, was peripneumony, or inflammation of the substance of the lungs; a disease which is not very common, even in severe weather. The exciting cause of this complaint was, undoubtedly, the sudden change from mild to very cold weather; but in some cases which came under the notice of the reporter, it could clearly be referred to the imprudent exposure of the body by individuals returning home from crowded evening parties. The disease commences with a febrile paroxysm, shivering followed by intense heat, headache, and a sensation of great debility. This is succeeded by an obtuse pain in the chest, a short, frequently dry cough, and great difficulty of breathing, which is scarcely alleviated by the erect posture. The features of the face become tumid, the colour of the skin and the lips purple, and the pulse variable, sometimes hard and strong, but more frequently soft and feeble. As the disease advances, blood is sometimes expectorated; and this symptom, instead of being unfavourable, is not unfrequently the forerunner of a beneficial change. As we have already stated, this disease demands, in its treatment, all the skill and decision of the physician, and on no account should it ever be intrusted to domestic management. The most efficacious mode of treating it, is, first to relieve the congestion, which evidently exists in the lungs, by bleeding. The pulse, when small and feeble before this operation, often rises and becomes fuller as the blood flows; and the abstraction of twenty ounces of the vital fluid from the arm, instead of weakening the patient, seems merely to take off the load which was oppressing the system, and from beneath which the strength rises like a spring when the foot that compressed it has been removed. Bleeding, however, will not alone cure peripneumony; and although, in the country, the use of the lancet may be frequently repeated, should the symptoms require it, yet, in London, this method of reducing inflammatory action, when repeated a second and a third time, often proves more injurious than useful. The next indication, therefore, in these attacks, is to equalise the circulation, and to determine the blood from the interior to the surface,—objects which are happily attained by the administration of large doses of tartar emetic combined with calomel.

The reporter has not ventured to prescribe such large doses of tartar emetic as have been given by some continental physicians; but he has ordered one grain of that powerful antimonial preparation to be taken every second hour, until the breathing has been relieved, and the expectoration has become free. The nausea and vomiting which almost always attend the use of tartar emetic, have raised many objections against it, even by those who were sensible of its efficacy either in their own persons or in those of their friends; and when it has not succeeded, the physician has been severely blamed, and the augmented severity of the symptoms ascribed to the remedy instead of the disease: so prone are common observers to judge of the skill of a practitioner of medicine by his success; while, on the other hand, the

experience of every day proves the truth of our motto, that there are but few persons who are capable of judging, whether it be the work of the physician, when the patient lives or dies. If these remedies prove useful, the amendment is marked by the cough becoming less violent, the breathing freer, the skin moister, and the expectoration copious. The tartar emetic may be then discontinued; and the cure completed by the administration of moderate doses of squill and tincture of conium, in the emulsion of bitter almonds. Much care, however, is still requisite, in selecting the quality and moderating the quantity of food to be allowed to the patient, and in guarding against every sudden alternation of heat and cold. If flannel have not been previously worn next to the skin, the body should be now cased in it for the remainder of the winter, and north and north-east winds avoided as much as the circumstances of the patient will permit.

As we have already said, cold weather is not healthy weather, except for the robust and active; and nothing shocks us more than to observe the aged, the infirm, and infants exposed to the inclemency of a frosty day. To infants in particular, a low state of atmospherical temperature is very injurious; and the distress which they suffer is very evident by the heart-rending screams which they utter. No prudent mother will send out a child who cannot run, when the temperature of the air is under the freezing point; but should this inadvertently be done, the animal heat should be quickly restored by holding the hands and feet of the little sufferer between the hands of a person who is comfortably warm. This was ascertained in the voyages of discovery of Captain Parry, to be more efficacious in preventing the dangerous effects of frost-biting, than the practice of rubbing the parts with snow, which is so generally adopted. To endeavour to harden infants by sending them into the open air in all conditions of the weather, is a very hazardous experiment, and is likely to prove fatal in nine cases out of ten, admitting that success may accidentally attend the tenth case. Moderate warmth in the ambient air which we breathe is, in fact, almost as essential for the preservation of the health of the human species as for that of the vegetable tribes; and we venture to affirm, that the greater healthfulness of the metropolis, compared with that of the country, in winter, a fact often observed, arises, in a great degree, from the warmth maintained by the number of fires in every house, and the radiation of heat from their walls into the street.

The old and the infirm require as much care to guard them from cold as infants, the languid state of the circulation in them being incapable of maintaining the animal heat required for the purposes of the economy in a low temperature of the air. As an objection to this opinion, it may be stated, that individuals have attained to greater ages in Russia than in any other part of the globe. We admit the fact; but we doubt whether the Russian peasant be not better clothed, as far as respects warmth, than the English labourer; and most unquestionably, the Russian gentleman is better fortified against the steady cold of his native climate, than the English gentleman against the uncertain inclemency of our ever-varying atmosphere. But whilst we advise that the infirm and the infant be carefully guarded from exposure to the severity of winter, and the surface of the body in the most robust be well protected, we are powerful advocates for those exercises which are congenial with the season; and whilst we admire the manner in which our youth

> ——"sweep
> On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
> In circling poise, swift as the winds along,"

we not only pay a tribute to the elegance and grace of their movements, but hail in these exercises the means of insuring health and vigour of body, and a corresponding bold and manly deportment.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, JAN. 21.—On Saturday last, being the first day of Lent Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—H. Deane, Fellow of New Col.
Master of Arts.—G. Croke, University College.
Bachelors of Arts.—W. Barneby, Brazennose College, Grand Compounder; N. Wodehouse, Merton College; R. B. Bradley, Exeter College; H. Demain, Queen's College; H. W. White, Jesus College; E. B. St. John, St. Alban's Hall.

And on Thursday the following gentlemen were admitted:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. T. J. J. Hale, Queen's Col.
Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. T. Hawley, Rev. G. Dixon, St. John's College.
Bachelor of Arts.—Rev. J. Barton, St. Mary's Hall.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE British Gallery in Pall Mall opens, we observe, on Thursday next, with an exhibition of the works of British artists. It promises, if we may judge from several pictures which we have seen in progress, to be a gratifying spectacle: among the contributors of striking productions, are Northcote, Hilton, Etty, Davis, (recently returned from Italy), Stewardson, Haydon, J. and G. Hayters, Landseer, and others, particularly in landscape, whom we do not enumerate.

IMPROVEMENTS OF LONDON.

IN our last Gazette, in giving an account of the King's new Palace in St. James's Park and other public buildings, we adverted to an able pamphlet which had just appeared on the subject of the improvements now carrying on or under consideration; and expressed our belief, from internal evidence, that it must be the production of some individual who had access to the highest sources of intelligence on those points, and who probably possessed much influence towards carrying into effect what he so happily recommended. The correctness of this opinion has since been fully established; for these "*Short Remarks and Suggestions*," &c. are now acknowledged to be from the pen of no less eminent a person than Sir Charles Long, whose judgment, taste, and station, patronage of the fine arts, and great weight upon all questions connected with national improvements, entitle his sentiments to the utmost consideration. We therefore, in conformity with our promise, return to this pamphlet, of much importance, though only of forty-eight pages; but with redoubled attention in consequence of knowing the quarter whence it has proceeded.

Coming as they do from so distinguished a member of his majesty's privy council, a gentleman so conspicuous in that circle which has made the national School of Fine Arts and Literature its care, and, we may add, so powerful from the personal confidence of his royal master, particularly in relation to these matters,—advocating doctrines and recommending ameliorations which have too long been regarded as incompatible with the duties and views of English ministers,—the Suggestions thus propagated must be hailed in their general tenour as an auspicious prelude to better times and a more enlightened policy. Even in the stormy period of his administration, the late Mr. Pitt, it must be acknowledged, paid too little regard to literature and the arts; and probably some of his successors entertain a similar apathy, when the existence of peace and tranquillity make such a feeling (or rather such a want of feeling) still more inexcusable. But there are fortunately among them influential men of a different character: there are men, themselves distinguished for literary genius and practical excellence in painting. They wisely foresee that national benefit as well as national honour must result from a liberal cultivation of national talent. Hence the present illustrious reign will form a bright epoch in the annals of our country, and George the Fourth and his counsellors will rank to future ages with the Augustuses, Mecænases, and Medici of immortal fame.

The amelioration or degeneracy of a metropolis is of greater consequence than may commonly be supposed. As the heart in the living animal, or the main-spring in a machine, either tends to regulate or endanger the whole system, good or bad example in the court spreads its influence in every direction over the land; and this is a leading reason why we receive the present pamphlet with so much pride and pleasure; because we are convinced that it is calculated to produce the most advantageous results. At the present crisis, when a parliament is about to assemble, which will either promote or check the spirit of improvement, and the numerous works to which it has given rise or caused to be projected—"the time," says our author, "is propitious for such considerations," *i. e.* for investigating the state of the arts, ascertaining the public opinion, and directing the public energies to the most laudable objects. Many of these objects are discussed by Sir Charles Long;* and to them we shall turn in succession in this paper, and (we anticipate, from their variety and importance,) in others for several weeks to come.

Sir Charles alludes to the widely prevailing interest now taken in questions of this kind: they have become topics of parliamentary debate, and of conversation every where; and fifteen years ago they were never mentioned beyond the limited sphere of a few amateurs. We trust we shall not be accused of vanity in assuming some of the merit of this change for the *Literary Gazette*. Before its establishment, the periodical press hardly ever touched upon the subject of the fine arts: a stray article now and then, and an annual statement of the exhibition at Somerset-House (similar to the annual statement of the exhibition at Bartholomew Fair), were all the notice bestowed on those things, with accounts of, and criticisms upon which, every portion of the same press now perpetually teems. So much for our example: we stop not to inquire if all these accounts are accurate, or all these criticisms just; we only record the fact, that they give the tone to the general mind, create and nourish a national feeling, and cause the arts, artists, and their products, to be talked of and encouraged throughout the kingdom. And this is a grand step towards that liberality which has, of late, been displayed in parliament; where even the most severe economists have been forced to join the universal voice, and vote unopposed and munificent grants to be applied to purposes of this kind.

Confining ourselves for the present to the

* Namely, "painting, sculpture, architecture, the improvement of the metropolis, the formation of a national gallery of painting and sculpture," (page 3,) the alterations in Windsor Castle, the new Palace in London, &c. &c. &c.

King's new Palace, of which we had the satisfaction to give a description last week, we are aware that many invidious paragraphs have appeared in daily and other prints on the insalubrity of the site, and on the suspension of the works (which never were suspended). It is, therefore, with pleasure that we quote the following remarks of Sir Charles Long :—

"The considerations which seem to have prevailed in preparing Buckingham House as the new residence for his majesty, appear to be the following: 1st. It involves no encroachment upon the space of the parks, which building either in St. James's or Hyde Park necessarily implies; and to such encroachment it is understood his majesty is averse. 2dly. The time and the expense will be considerably less by the conversion of this building into a palace, than by constructing a new edifice for this purpose; and as the condition of Carlton House is such as to require an immediate and thorough repair, if it were to be continued as the king's residence, it becomes essential that a new palace should be provided for his majesty's reception with as little delay as possible."

The author then contradicts two of the stories which have been circulated respecting Buckingham House, by asserting that the situation is not damp, and that there is no sewer under the building; and adds,—"From what I know of the plan for the improvement of *Buckingham House*, I think there is every reason to believe that it will give satisfaction to the public; the beauty of the elevation, and the able arrangement of the interior of this building, will do the greatest credit to the eminent architect who has been engaged in this work, which is now carrying on with great activity."

With this confirmation of our opinions from so high an authority, we shall conclude for the present; and resume the pamphlet for farther and more particular observations in our next.

The Portable Diorama. By J. Clarke. S. Leigh, Strand.

It has frequently fallen upon us (in the course of our travel to promote the success of the Fine Arts,) to notice ingenious and beautiful inventions for their illustration, and the consequent diffusion of a taste for their enjoyment. Among others, the Myrioramas of Mr. Clark claimed our just panegyrics, and the Urania's Mirror, published also by Mr. Leigh, obtained a well-deserved celebrity. But without undervaluing these admirable designs, we confess that we are better pleased with the Portable Diorama than with any thing of the kind which has preceded it. In the form of a fine toy, it is really a most instructive and delightful production of art; capable of affording endless and refined amusement to all ranks and ages. A neat box contains a series of transparent views, abbey ruins, sea-pieces, various landscapes, &c., which fit into a slight wooden frame. There are also a number of atmospheric and other effects produced by having similar transparencies painted in clouds, with a rainbow, with a moon, or merely plain pieces of silk-coloured crimson, yellow, &c.; any of which, being placed behind the first-mentioned views, (and occasionally combined with a movable gauze curtain,) impart to them all the changes of morning, evening, dawn, sunset, moonlight, &c. &c., and gratify the spectator with the most picturesque and charming changes. Objects seem to take novel positions, and the entire scenes have all their relations varied from tempest to profound repose. It is really difficult to imagine, without seeing them, how materials so unimposing in their form should be made to convey so much gratification to the mind.

A thin volume, entitled the Amateur's Assistant, is not only a valuable appendage to this invention, but a clever code of instructions (with tinted examples) for sketching from nature, drawing in water-colours, and transparent painting. The whole, we are certain, will be very popular, as it well merits to be.

NEW PUBLICATIONS—ENGRAVINGS.

The Earl of Egremont: painted by T. Phillips, R.A.; engraved by S. W. Reynolds. Sams.—Mr. Phillips's skill as a portrait painter is evinced by the familiar yet excellent point of view in which he has placed the countenance and attitude of the noble Earl, whose love of the arts well entitled him to be perpetuated by them. The almost necessary consequence of such a disposition was a characteristic likeness, and a pleasing arrangement in other respects; and we cannot but consider it as a fine example of our national school, in which good sense and good taste should be, as here, united, and frivolity and glitter avoided. The face is in itself one of superior expression, placid and dignified as befit the owner of "princely Petworth."—Mr. Reynolds has done his duty to the subject as an engraver.

Major-General David Stewart, of Garth, from a painting by M. Scrymgeour, and engraved by the same hand, has been published since our former notice of it. A few light touches have been very judiciously thrown in, and the proof strikes us as being much improved by them. As a whole-length of Highland costume, and a capital likeness of a very distinguished soldier, this print is doubly attractive—both for its art and its interest.

The Eddystone Light-house during the Storm in November 1824, painted and engraved by W. Daniell, R.A., adds another to the list of sublime, we might say terrific compositions of elemental strife, for which the public is indebted to the bold but natural pencil of this artist. The form of the light-house and its struggling rays, the work of human labour, existing amid the surrounding wreck, presents a wonderful spectacle, and greatly enhances the vivid interest of the scene.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WAR-SHIP.

THE mid-day Sun looks down,
From his heaven clear and high,
On the sounding waves which sweep beneath,
Like another glorious sky.

A solitary ship
Comes rushing o'er the tide;
Like a thing of hope and light she seems,
In this, her hour of pride.

Her tall and noble mast
Stands like a forest-pine;
A thousand men might march her decks
In gallant battle-line.

Proudly her white flag streams,
Which often on that sea
Has waved above the smoke of war—
The shout of victory!

Hark to the gathering din!
A foreign sail appears,
Which, towering midway to the skies,
Her bloody crescent rears.

Hark to the gathering din!
To the loud confused call—
Like the mutter'd threat'nings of a storm,
Ere its blasting thunders fall!

Hark to the onset cry!—
The arm of war is bared;
The sword of blood and death is raised,
Which never yet hath spared.

Louder and louder grows
The booming cannon's bray;
The frighted eagle, screaming, soars
Far from that fearful fray.

There are cries of agony,
Mix'd with the shouts of rage;
Where the vessels, amidst smoke and flame,
Their "hell of battle" wage.

She reels!—that proud flag falls
'Mid foemens' savage roar;
Her crew in ghastly heaps lie slain—
Her deck swims red with gore!

For aye hath set her star—
Her hold the dark sea drinks;—
Mid crash and shout—mid foam and blood—
That gallant vessel sinks!

'Tis night—the round fair moon
Shines calmly o'er the wave,
Where cold, and in the sleep of death,
Rest the illustrious brave.

O! many a heart shall feel,
When heard their doom of wo,
That weight of utter misery,
Which breaks young hearts to know!

Many grow sad and pale,
Though their grief may not find breath;
But silently—like blighted flowers—
Will they pass on to death!

Wo for the hopes which seek
Their light from days to come!—
For ah! where most we look for joy,
There sorrow builds her home!

Manchester. C. S——N.

SKETCHES.

"*The Morning Dawn:*" *from the German of Herder.*

"——— apis Matinæ
More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma."—HORAT. *Od.*

A TROOP of joyous maidens were celebrating the festival of Aurora with dances and songs in honour of the deity. "O thou fairest and happiest of goddesses!" they began—"crowned with roses, and clad in the garments of everlasting youth!—with the morning dawn thou awakest to new delight, bathed in the spring of purest enjoyment, and decked with unfading blooms plucked from the gardens of the Houris." But, lo! as the sun arose, the chariot of Aurora appeared in the east, and *she* stood before the wondering maidens the fairest, but *not* the happiest, of goddesses. Tears filled her eyes, and a dewy veil, which she had drawn up after her from the earth, lay like a moist cloud before her bright and rosy countenance.

"My children," said she, "who are honouring me with your votive songs,—in compassion to your youthful innocence have I left the celestial habitation, and present myself before you, to instruct you what I *really* am: you yourselves can judge whether I am beautiful or not—but to what extent I am *happy*, the tears, alas! that I daily shed into the bosom of my sister Flora too plainly testify. In early youth, ere yet my mind had been taught the lessons of eloquence, I espoused one old Tithonus, from whose ungenial embrace you daily see me arise as early as the morning light. His presumptuous wish for immortality was punished with an eternity of grey hairs without youth, which deprives me also of my splendour and beauty so long as I am near him. On this account I speed me so early on my too short

errand, to chase away the shades of night, and hide myself in Phœbus's beams during the day, till summoned again at the call of my hoary spouse, I resign myself reluctantly to his arms, the blushing partner of his unwelcome bed.

"Henceforth, ye fair ones, take warning from my example; judge outward attractions by their proper estimate, and no longer suppose that the fairest amongst you must necessarily be the happiest, except native beauty be heightened by the charms of modesty and good sense; nor ever expect that Hymen's torch will light you to happiness and peace, if kindred tastes and dispositions form not the basis of the union." Thus saying, the goddess vanished; but the brightness of her image was still reflected to the maiden eyes in every dewy tear that glistened on the foliage around. They esteemed her, alas! no longer the happiest of goddesses, although the most beautiful,—and they became wise from her example.

DRAMA.

THE theatrical novelties of the week have been of such a nature as to be scarcely worthy of our notice. At Drury Lane a Mr. Pelby, from "the New York and Boston theatres," has appeared in the character of Hamlet; but his personation of the princely Dane was of a very mediocre description. His face is inexpressive, his voice feeble, and his style of acting, generally speaking, is deficient in energy. Occasionally, however, he treated us with a burst of passion, which he has evidently learnt from Kean; but these efforts were quite out of keeping with the rest of the performance. Should he ever be tempted to repeat the part, we would recommend him to learn the words more accurately; and when he shall have accomplished this necessary portion of an actor's business, he would do well to take some lessons in pronunciation, as his present mode of speaking certain words is sadly wanting in propriety. We allude more particularly to such words as camel, which he makes cam-*ul*; combination, which is with him comb*er*nation; and heaven, which he calls heav*un*. After all, however, should he even succeed in removing these blemishes, we cannot promise him any thing like a prominent situation upon the London boards. He is about as good as Mr. Serle, and Mr. Fitzharris, and the other debutants who have recently "strutted and fretted" their several hours upon the stage, and upon whose ill-directed exertions we have so often of late been compelled to sit in judgment;—very tolerable for country stock, but at present very unfit for the metropolis. The rest of the tragedy was badly acted, and did not appear to have enjoyed the advantage of a rehearsal.

A row, which might have been attended with serious consequences to the property, was occasioned one evening last week by the disingenuous and unfair conduct of the management. The difficulty which was experienced that night in pacifying the audience, who very properly felt themselves to have been imposed upon, will, we hope, deter them from similar practices in future. It is really too good a joke to change the cast of two very important characters in an opera, and let the public know nothing of it until their eyes and ears shall undeceive them. Even poverty should not induce people to be guilty of such dirty actions. According to the usual good arrangements of this house, the opera of "Malvina," which had been fixed for representation for Tuesday, and afterwards for Thursday last, has been again put off. This also, to say the least of it, is highly injudicious.

What is denominated in the play-bills a new ballet has been brought out at Covent-Garden. It is the pleasant story of the Hunchbacked Brothers, told in very dull and sorry dumb-show. Before the proprietors of this theatre attempt such sort of performances, they should engage a master who has something approaching to invention, and a company who have taken a few lessons in dancing. A ballet, utterly without taste, and with performers who rank no higher than figurantes, can never succeed upon any stage. It was, as might have been anticipated, but very indifferently received.

The *Adelphi Theatre* continues to be crowded every night. Indeed, when such talents as those of Terry, Yates, T. P. Cooke (whose Sailor is far the best we ever saw on the stage), Wrench, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam's, are assembled together, and in a small theatre too, besides a clever clown for pantomime, it is not surprising that *Success* should *succeed*.

VARIETIES.

THE newspapers state, that the North-sea has broken the isthmus which connects Jutland with the rest of the peninsula, in three places, through which rapid currents are now pouring. It is added, that the remains of ancient forests have been laid open by the action of the water.

The journals are amusing their readers with accounts of ancient and civilised nations discovered in the centre of Africa; but they have not yet decided whether they are Turks or Trojans!!

The Lady of the Lake is, we hear, to be the next Opera. Madame Caradori is to have the part of the Lady, in which she will, no doubt, be very charming, though we do not think the music very favourable for her style; and Cornega is appointed to supersede Vestris. It remains to be seen and heard what she can do in male attire.

African Travellers.—At a meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, on the 19th ult., M. Jomard announced the death of the intrepid African traveller M. de Beaufort. He stated that, resolved to penetrate farther than had yet been achieved, M. de B. had taken the course of the High Senegal, and was directing his route towards Timbuctoo when he fell, another victim to this fatal climate.

Edinburgh.—We notice in the *Edinburgh Courant* newspaper some remarks on the demolition of Salisbury Crags, which it seems is now carrying on for the purposes of building and paving. Every visitor to the Scottish capital has been delighted by the picturesque beauties of these rocks, which form so striking a feature to the city that their destruction is too Gothic to be believed of a people who claim the possession of taste and feeling.

Progress of Literature.—It is a striking sign of the rapid progress of literature, that the *Common Council* of London have absolutely resolved to collect a library, for the use of members, in the Guildhall. The first *magnum opus* which they have bought is *The London Gazette*, from its commencement in 1665—a very valuable publication; the columns of which a multitude of citizens have adorned by their distinguished names. They have not yet ordered *The Literary Gazette*, from its commencement in 1817; but this is likely to be their next acquisition, and its perusal will no doubt have a visible influence on the future improvement of the city and its people.

Africa.—About ten days ago, the *Courier* newspaper gave an interesting detail of the government survey of the coast of Africa (of which several notices have appeared in our Gazette): it is from the journal of an officer on board the *Barracouta*, and the following its principal novel statements:—After surveying the coasts of Madagascar, in company with the *Leven*, the expedition proceeded to Delorgoa Bay, where they found the Albatross. This bay they also surveyed; and then sailed to the Caffre coast. At Port Natal is a small European settlement, under Mr. Farewell, of the navy. Thence the ships went to the Cape to refit; and were, at the end of October, ready to start for the Congo. Their object is to survey the coast between the Zaire and the Gambia.

Voyage of Discovery.—The *Astrolabe* French corvette, commanded by Dumont de Durville, is about to sail on a voyage of discovery, to explore parts of the globe not sufficiently known, and especially the coasts of New Guinea and New Zealand.

Fragments of Arabian armour have been dug up in a field near Tours in France. These remains are described as being of very beautiful workmanship in steel and silver, and are conjectured to be of the time of the Sultan Abderame, defeated by Charles Martel.

Deaf and Dumb.—M. Majendie lately read a case of deaf and dumb before the Royal Institution of France; it was that of a boy, nine years of age, who was restored to hearing and speech by Dr. Deleau, of Paris. This, however, is, we understand, no novelty, as several cases of the same description have, within these few years, come under the care of Mr. Curtis, the Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, which have yielded to his judicious and attentive treatment.

Music.—There is to be a series of musical performances at the King's Theatre this season, under the direction of Mr. Bochsa, and commencing on Monday next. Many eminent singers and instrumental performers, both native and foreign, are announced; among whom we notice with pleasure, Caradori, Bonini, Sinclair, Bellamy, Pyne, Sapio, Moscheles, Lindley, &c.

It is said, that Pasta has certainly been engaged for the high season at the Opera, and is to appear in April.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A Picturesque Tour in Spain, Portugal, and along the Coast of Africa, from Tangiers to Tetuan, by J. Taylor, Knight, and one of the authors of the "Voyage Pittoresque dans l'Ancienne France," is in the press. It is to be comprised in twenty-two parts, each containing five engravings, with letter-press descriptions.

Mrs. C. B. Wilson, author of "Astarte," &c. &c. &c. announces a volume entitled, At Home, for speedy publication.

The Tourist's Grammar; or, Rules relating to the Scenery and Antiquities incident to Travellers: including an Epitome of Gilpin's Principles of the Picturesque, by the Rev. J. D. Fosbroke, is announced as being nearly ready.

Traditions and Recollections, Domestic, Clerical, and Literary; in which are included Letters of Charles II., Cromwell, Fairfax, Wolcot, Opie, Gibbon, and other distinguished Characters, in 2 vols. 8vo. is announced by the Rev. R. Polwhele.

In the press, Practical Lectures upon the Story of Joseph and his Brethren; by the Rev. William Bullock, Missionary of Trinity, Newfoundland.

A new work, by the Author of "The Journal of an Exile," in 3 vols., is spoken of, entitled, Recollections of a Pedestrian; it is expected to be ready in the course of the present month.

Mr. J. Skelton is preparing for publication upwards of fifty Etchings of Antiquities in Bristol, from original Sketches taken by the late Hugh O'Neill, illustrative of Memoirs of that City, by the Rev. Samuel Seyer, A.M., or to form a separate volume.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

		Thermometer.			Barometer.		
Thursday	19	From 44.	to	37.	30.00	to	29.97
Friday ····	20	—— 31.	—	42.	30.05	—	30.10
Saturday ··	21	—— 32.	—	40.	30.08	—	30.03
Sunday ····	22	—— 30.	—	42.	30.06	—	30.10
Monday ··	23	—— 28.	—	42.	30.05	—	30.10
Tuesday ··	24	—— 29.5	—	38.	30.26	—	30.30
Wednesday	25	—— 30.	—	35.	30.20		Stationary.

Wind variable, N. and N. E. prevailing.—Generally cloudy—mornings and evenings foggy.

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Edmonton.

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Longitude···· 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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ERRATA.—In the notice of the comet seen at Bolanos, Mexico, &c., last week, instead of "in the direction of S.E." read S.W.; and in the following line, instead of "S.W. of Baten Haitos," read S.E. of Baten Kaitos.

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